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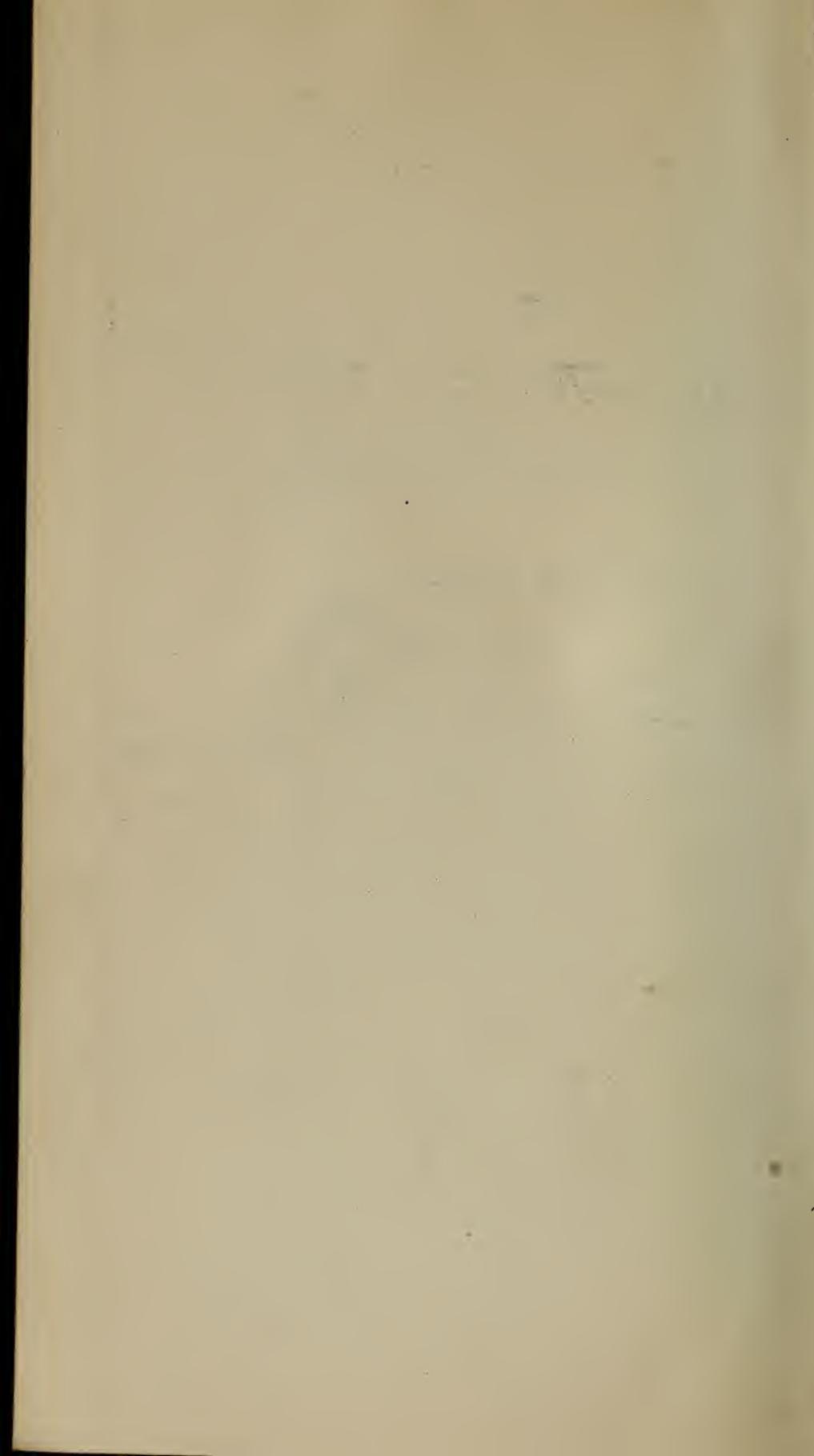
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VESALIUS,

Reformer and Martyr of Science.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH

BY

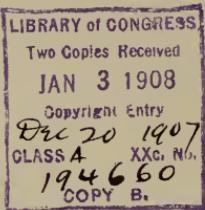
PROF. CHARLES BORN.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO.
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INTRODUCTION.

In the following sketch some of the principal details of the life of the great anatomical investigator, Andreas Vesalius, have been gone into to show what a bitter struggle for existence scientific research in the early stages of its history waged with superstition and fanaticism.

Great comfort is derived from comparing the time when Vesalius lived with the present time, and from a realization of the great changes that have taken place. The flickering light of investigation, then weak and unsteady, is transformed into a powerful force for the general enlightenment. And while Vesalius, a pioneer of scientific research, was compelled to conduct his investigations underground, now science and its discoveries are taught in magnificent temples of learning. But there still is a struggle between the disciples of enlightenment and its enemies, with the roles reversed; now study is pursued in the full light of day, while the apostles of superstition and fanaticism are working more or less underground and in the dark.

Vesalius, the investigator and martyr, is one of the heroes who suffered persecution and untold hardships for what we now possess, and he calls forth our highest admiration and our most grateful respect.

If this biographical sketch of Vesalius, the reformer and martyr of science, awakens a desire and effort for the further enlightenment of the human mind and strengthens all those who are aiming at intellectual freedom the author will feel amply repaid for his work.

THE AUTHOR.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

June 1, 1907.



VESALIUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Tribunal of the Inquisition.*

*Inquisitor. (Dark red dahlia as button-hole.
He turns toward the torturers.)*

Bring the defendants in! *(Defendants in shackles
are brought in.)*

Inquisitor. (Turning to one of the defendants.)
You are an apostate of our holy church, a follower
of the new gospel; you are a heretic and you have
confessed your guilt.

First Defendant. Well, I have pleaded guilty
under the tortures of the rack, to end my suffering.
I am not guilty of anything.

Inquisitor. (Severely.) And now you deny your
guilt?

Defend. Upon my solemn oath, I am innocent;
the Duchess Margareth, the Governor of the Netherlands,
has granted us protestants, in a special treatise,
permission to think otherwise as regards the
holy communion than the church in power. I am a
predicant, and insist upon my right granted by
special treatise.

Inquis. You know, or at all events you should
know, that the Duchess Margareth afterwards, at

repeated times, publicly declared that she does not consider herself bound by the treatise; as the united heretics, to wit, the Anabaptists, Calvinists and Lutherans, took advantage of the embarrassment of the Governor of the Netherlands and forced the treatise in question upon the Duchess Margareth. You have been permitted to *think* otherwise of the holy communion, but to perform it in another than the usual manner means crime. In addition, you ought to know that the way you baptize and marry, and your manner of burial, are forbidden by the law, on the penalty of death. You know that a trifling change in the ceremonies at church, which the back-sliders are found guilty of, is considered to be a felony, and that a number of preachers, who administered their duties at a place other than the one they had been ordered to occupy, have been proceeded against and hanged. Do you plead guilty now?

Defend. I do not. I insist upon my privilege according to treatise.

Inquis. (*Turning toward rackers.*) Lay hold of him and take him down once more on the stretch!

Defend. Mercy! I have a wife and children.

Inquis. That is another felony; you say you are married, a man who pretends to preach the gospel!

Defend. Do you try a second time to compel me under the tortures of the rack to accuse myself of a crime which I never committed? You know as well as I that you will never succeed in torturing the truth out of the scorched flesh and the quivering nerves by the aid of a pair of red-hot tongs, or by use of the thumbscrews.

Inquis. (*Turning to torturers.*) Seize him and take him down once more into the chamber of horror; put him on the rack.

The torturers seize him, and take him downstairs, underground.

Inquis. (*Addressing the other defendant.*) You are accused of robbery, and have been found guilty according to the evidence given by eye-witnesses. Do you plead guilty?

Second Defendant. I do.

Inquis. You have always been a faithful and devoted Christian, have you not?

Defend. I have always been a devout churchgoer, and can present all the tickets of my regular confessions; there is not one missing. The devil came along quite suddenly and led me into temptation. He was so quick that I did not even find time to be-cross myself and say a prayer.

Inquis. Do you repent your crime?

Defend. [*Becrossing himself.*] Indeed I do, with all my heart, as true as God is in being!

Inquis. You have been sentenced to be broken on the wheel up to the neck, but we will change this sentence on the condition that you bring to justice, dead or alive, one or the other of the miscreants who steal the corpses from the wheel and the gallows, and even from the grave.

A heartrending cry is heard from the basement.

Inquis. [*Pointing toward basement.*] That apostate and backslider of our holy church will now soon change his mind, down in the chamber of torture!

The dead man as well as the live one belongs to the church, and he who steals a corpse from the gallows robs the church, and consequently the Lord, thus committing a mortal sin that can only be requited by capital punishment. The question is to find the hiding places where those miscreants take the bodies as the idols of science; in fact, for their black and devilish artifices. For that purpose you must suffer being stolen from the wheel. Those wicked men, in their contempt of God and the Holy Church, are associated with the devil, and we give you full authority to capture them dead or alive; or, at all events, to ferret out their hiding places, and accomplishing this you will be dismissed without punishment.

Defendant is led away.

Inquis. Now, dear members of this Tribunal of the Holy Inquisition, you fellow combatants in the battle for the cause of God and the Holy Church, let us send up a quiet prayer for the aid of the Almighty. Wheresoever a foe of the Holy Church is disclosed, he is to be annihilated. At the present time of wickedness Satan is amongst us, represented by the Anabaptists, the Calvinists and the Lutherans. Luther, the apostate, is the principal instrument of the devil, and what they call science is the greatest of hellish artifices, for its aim is to rob the faithful of their belief in God and estrange them from the Church. It is science that kills untold numbers of souls and delivers them to the archfiend of God—to the devil—and to the tortures of eternal perdition. It is the solemn duty of every believer in the Holy Church to save those poor and

misled souls from everlasting perdition. Therefore, let us use all our public power, and all our most secret influence, to fight Satan, the prince of darkness, by crushing science, one of his principal tools. Investigation is sin, because it aims at lifting the veil from things God in his infinite wisdom has resolved shall remain secreted forever. He has revealed what is to our benefit; it is belief and not science that comforts and benefits mankind. For the sake of belief, God in heaven has sacrificed his only son, but not for the sake of a science that undermines belief in God. All of you know that among us, in this very city, we have agents of Satan, who ransack gallows and graves, using the bodies for their wicked purposes, and all for the sake of undermining the foundation of the Holy Church. Science and scientific research are inventions of the devil, and are his most efficient instruments. Call to mind *Mondini*, dissecting human bodies, and *Huss* and *Savanarola*, *Luther*, *Calvin*, *Zwingli*, *Ulrich de Hütten*, and others, and tell me what they deserve. [The Tribunal gives the unanimous answer: "They deserve death."] Now swear that you will do all in your power to annihilate the agents and instruments of Satan. Let us touch the wounds of our Saviour and swear: *Fiat justitia, pereat mundi!* Let justice be done though the whole world perishes. [The board answers unanimously: "We swear."]

Inquis. Now let us pray for the aid of the Almighty, in order that he may assist in our glorious Christian work.

All pray silently.

Well, now we are prepared for our work, and all for the glory of God!

[*Turning to torturers.*] Bring in the defendant.

They bring him in, assisting him to keep upon his feet.

Inquis. Now you have changed your mind, have you not? Do you plead guilty?

Defend. I am not guilty. I am a preacher of the New Creed, and I insist upon my right according to the treatise, to be allowed to preach the new gospel.

Inquis. You are a preacher of the new creed, to wit, of heresy, and that is a capital sin; and the fact that you do not plead guilty to your heresy and renounce it is another capital sin, and that you do not repent is an additional sin. Moreover, you once preached at a place other than the one at which you had permission, and that means an additional felony; you ought to be glad that you are in position to lose but one life though deserving manifold death.

[*Turning to the Tribunal.*] What is your sentence, gentlemen? Is the defendant guilty?

The Tribunal answers unanimously: "The defendant is guilty, deserving of death."

Inquis. We find you guilty and sentence you to death. Prepare yourself for your last hour; tomorrow you go to the gallows! God be merciful to your poor soul. (*Turning to torturers.*) Take him away!

As they take hold of him and lead him away, he turns about and shouts:

You are no judges; you are agents of that Devil about whom you prate!

SCENE II. *Anne and Balthasar.*

Balthasar. Well, Anne?

Anne. Well, Balthasar.

Balth. You are going to be my wife? Now I am the happiest creature on earth.

Anne. Who said that I am going to be your wife?

Balth. Anne, you said "Well, Balthasar," when I asked "Well, Anne?"

Anne. I did not understand the meaning of your "Well, Anne?"

Balth. I keep on thinking of you all the time; have not you any idea of all my suffering?

Anne. I see that you squirm and keep holding your hands to the stomach. Do you suffer from stomach-ache?

Balth. I feel so unhappy. Say, what shall I do?

Anne. Take some hot tea.

Balth. How's that! You mean to cure my lovesick heart with hot tea? How my heart does flutter!

Anne. Small wonder, your heart is too timid! Why don't you get a lion's heart?

Balth. But where can I get one?

Anne. Get courage.

Balth. Where from? I have courage enough to marry you.

Anne. I shall get married to a man who has the heart of a lion.

Balth. I feel now almost like a lion!

Anne. Why do you not assist my brother, who tonight will have a duty to perform that requires the courage of the lion.

Balth. Most certainly I will do it. I promise. And then I may hope?

Anne. Only then. Tonight, in assisting my brother, you will have an opportunity to prove that you have a stout heart.

Balth. (*To himself.*) What will that be? (*Aloud.*) Whatever it may be I'll go through the fire for your sake, my dear Anne.

Anne. I am not yet your Anne. "You will go through the fire for my sake!" Why not through the dark night, too?

Balth. Of course! (*Timidly.*) With or without a lantern? Through the fire one can make his way without a lantern, but not through the dark.

Anne. Would you dare to look death in the face?

Balth. Not by night, because then I cannot see; armed with a lantern I will look in both his eyes.

Anne. You will have to face death.

Balth. My own death, or the death of somebody else?

Anne. Your own.

Balth. Well, to meet death does not require a lantern; one can die as well in the dark as by daylight. But what in the world is to become of my marriage?

Anne. Marriages are made in heaven.

Balth. Anne, I have struck an idea! Give me a kiss; that will give me the courage of a lion.

Anne. Not now. A kiss shall be the reward of your having accomplished something. Show your courage and go at midnight—

Balth. (*Interrupting her.*) "At midnight!" I can show my courage by daylight as well; it is worth being looked at by daylight; it need not be hidden.

Anne. At midnight.

Balth. With or without moonshine?

Anne. At midnight, without moonlight, you will have to go to the graveyard, and—

Balth. (*With fear, to himself:* Anne is preparing a nice mess for me. “To go to the graveyard!” Is that not sufficient? What, then, is that “and” for?)

Anne. And to handle a corpse.

Balth. With or without mitts?

Anne. With your bare hands. You know that my brother, Anselm, is my guardian, and he has made this a point in his consent to my marriage. He says that you have a wonderful heart of—

Balth. (*Interrupting her.*) Heart of a lion. You see your brother knows my heart better than you.

Anne. Why don’t you let me finish? He says you have a wonderful heart of a hare.

Balth. I have the heart of a hare! Goodbye, Anne! Now I will go straight to your brother, and find out what cruel game he is going to play upon me. [*He goes.*]

Anne. How I would like to save dear, timid Balthasar that hard ordeal! But brother Anselm cannot perform his difficult and dismal task alone. He needs a faithful and discreet helpmate. Brother Anselm is always willing and ready to put his life at stake if his fearless and high-minded friend, Master Vesalius, is to be rendered a service. I will now go and tell my brother that tonight he will have an honest and devoted helper.

SCENE III. *Graveyard by night.*

Anselm and Balthasar.

Ans. Here we are at our place of destination.

Balth. I am more dead than alive.

Ans. Already! Indeed! Well, a burying ground is more fit for the dead than the alive. All those people down there, under ground, are also more dead than alive, and if you do not look out, you will tomorrow be dangling at the gallows—still more dead than alive. It is always preferable to die this way, [making a pass with his forefinger in a horizontal direction,] that is in bed, than to die this way, [making a move in a vertical direction,] that is at the gallows.

Balth. I am afraid of being here at midnight!

Ans. I am afraid, too. I am afraid of your being afraid.

Balth. There, the chimes of the chapel tower strike midnight. What a dismal hour!

Ans. What is there dismal about midnight! The clock strikes twelve, precisely as at noon.

Balth. And what a death-like stillness!

Ans. The dead, as a rule, are very still. All those people there, underground, who when alive had so much to say are now dumb and still.

Balth. The night is raven-black!

Ans. Indeed, as raven-black as the ravens that croak yonder at the gallows! [The croaking of ravens is heard.]

Balth. I don't hear them. It is even too dark to hear! The darkness around prevents my seeing how dark it is. Sight and hearing leave me.

Ans. The ravens are greeting us because they scent in us two gallow birds; or, maybe, they are angry because we come to snatch two dainty morsels from them!

Balth. Night is nobody's friend!

Ans. On the contrary, it is our best friend; night is friendly to thieves.

Balth. Oh! we are thieves!

Ans. Not yet; but we have the best intention. But no; we do not steal, the thief steals, taking what belongs to other people and using it for his own benefit. Where there is no property there can be no thieves. Those fellows dangling from the gallows are nobody's property, and we are about to take them down, not to enrich ourselves, but for the purpose of scientific investigation.

Balth. For what we are about to perpetrate there is no dispense.

Ans. Who says so? I'll give you any amount—as much as you want of it.

Balth. You are a wicked man; you are infected by the Luther plague. (He becrosses himself.) It is late, one o'clock draws near.

Ans. One o'clock! That is early. It cannot well strike less than one o'clock. Now, Balthasar, we must look out, otherwise we may fare badly. Don't forget that I have a sister whose name is Anne. She will never yield her heart to a hare-hearted man.

Balth. Oh, my dear Anne! Anselm! Now I feel almost like a lion.

Ans. Almost like a lion! (The cry of a screech owl is heard.)

Balth. (*Timidly.*) Hark! (*To himself.*) What a dismal sound!

Ans. What are you mumbling?

Balth. How lovely it sounds! About as sweet as the croaking of the raven beneath the gallows. It is not a good foreboding.

Ans. Indeed, look out, or it may prove for you a dismal foreboding, if tomorrow you swing at the gallows. By that call of a screech owl a friend gives me warning that the way is not yet clear. The grave-wardens are on their midnight beat, and they are drawing nearer.

Balth. Oh, oh, now I am lost!

Ans. (*Under his breath.*) If you don't show that you possess the heart of a lion, I will call the wardens; then goodbye, Anne.

Balth. I will do everything you tell me.

Ans. I am just going to bury you.

Balth. Why you are not going to bury me alive, are you?

Ans. Fear has made you more dead than alive.

Balth. Then I shall be buried without having confessed!

Ans. You can attend to your confession underground; but before you can do that we must perpetrate something to have something to confess. I promise you an early resurrection. (*Anselm lifts one end of a tombstone slab*) Now make haste and get down, I shall follow you immediately!

Balth. For heaven's sake! Down there I shall go! It looks like the gates of hell!

Ans. There, I see the torches of the patrol! Get in and down or tomorrow you will swing at the gal-

lows. (*Balthasar slides down the opening and disappears, Anselm follows; then tombstone, that serves as a lid of the grave, closes like a trap door. Grave wardens with torches turn up in the background, and draw near.*)

One of the Grave Wardens. I am sure I have heard voices in this direction.

The Corporal. I think you are mistaken.

Warden. By all the saints, I am not mistaken!

Corporal. Does it not seem to you as if that tombstone were waving in the air like a long, white veil?

(*All horrified.*) Sure! It is a ghost! (*A voice from under the ground:* "Do give me peace!" *General excitement among the grave wardens.*)

One of the Wardens. This voice came out of the grave. (*All the grave wardens becross themselves.*)

Corporal. Well, we are not here to hunt for the dead, but for the living. Draw closer and let us offer a quiet prayer for the poor soul that cannot find rest. There are, indeed, signs and miracles in these godless and unfaithful times, when Luther and others have rebelled against the Holy Church, their mother. (*Grave wardens in quiet prayer. They then withdraw. After a while the tomb slab rises again, but slowly, and the head of Anselm is visible, cautiously looking round. Finally Anselm emerges from under the lifted slab.*)

Ans. Well, Balthasar, you hare-hearted creature, get out if you are still alive. Oh, my poor sister!

Balth. (*While climbing out of the grave.*) Oh, Anne, now I am a man! (*Under his breath and timidly.*) Are they gone? It was fearful down

there. Oh, Anne, I can achieve everything for your sake!

Ans. Well, come along to the gallows, and if you don't do what I order you to do you will have to go tomorrow upon the gallows, and that will break your neck, and the neck of your marriage, too. Now go and take the corpse from the gallows, while I take the other one that is fastened to the rack. See if the corpse is quite stiff and cold, as sometimes they are still about half alive. Do not forget to leave a piece of the rope attached to the corpse when you cut him down. Having done this we will put each body into a sack, lift it over the low graveyard wall, and then drag both bundles to this spot and dump them down into the grave vault.

Balth. I hear something like the croaking of ravens. That is ominous!

Ans. Oh! I see now you have suddenly recovered your hearing, but I tell you stop immediately your croaking or it may come to pass that tomorrow the ravens will pick your eyes from their sockets. (*The croaking of ravens is heard.*) Indeed, here they are! They are glad to make your acquaintance. Well, now, let us set to work. (*Both climb over the low wall of the church yard. Then a thud is heard, and, after a brief interval, another dull sound. They climb back over the wall of the graveyard and drag the bundles forward.*)

Ans. Now we have got them; one life and a half we have put at the stake and we have got two stiffs.

Balth. How do you mean?

Ans. I have put one life, my life, at the stake, and you, Balthasar, only half a life, because you are

half way dead. (*Anselm lifts one end of the slab, securing it by an iron rod, then they dump the bundles into the opening and follow them. Anselm is late to follow, and at the moment he reaches out his arms to adjust the slab the cry of a toad is heard.*)

Ans. That cry of a toad means that the catchers are near, but they won't catch anything. (*He allows the slab to gently slide down into its framing. Grave wardens appear in the background and draw near.*)

The Corporal. We must do everything in our power to catch those rascals; the gallows as well as the rack have been plundered and both corpses have disappeared. A trace leads from the gallows to and over the wall of the graveyard to this spot. It is not ghosts that robbed the gallows, but crooked men. (*Turning to one of the grave wardens.*) Show me a light! Look here, the dew has been wiped from the grass, and these grounds, consecrated with holy water, have been desecrated. I put my head at stake; I will hunt down the miscreants. They shall not escape the capital punishment meted out for this offence. They cannot have secreted their heavy burdens as yet, and are most certainly still within the limits of the graveyard. (*Turning to the grave wardens.*) Go and make a thorough search.

[Grave wardens disband, going different directions to make a thorough investigation. The cry of a screech owl is heard from beneath the ground, the leader of the patrol answers by the same cry, and stooping down taps three times on the slab saying: "Now you are safe, hail to science!"]

SCENE IV.

Van Sylvius and his daughter, Sylvia, the former having a dark dahlia as a button-hole.

Sylvius. I sent for you to learn if I may still call you my daughter.

Sylvia. Dear father!

Sylv. Up till now you have been my pride and my delight.

Sylvia. And now, father, I am not longer your pride and your delight?

Sylv. You have done the utmost to estrange your father. If your heart allows you to sacrifice your father and your faith, your honor ought to forbid you to drag the glorious traditions of our family into the mire.

Sylvia. What harsh and strange words! I do not know what to think of you, dear father. I do not understand what you *mean*.

Sylv. And I do not understand what you *do*. I, myself, do not know what to think of you. What has come over you? Are you still a devoted believer? Are you still a faithful confessor of our holy church? Or have the heretics lured you into their satanic snares and made you forget your father and all the time-honored and glorious traditions of our patrician family? We have cherished and guarded that family treasure like our eyeballs. Up to this very day I have been hoping and trusting you might again find yourself. But alas! You are more than ever under the influence of a heretic. Your new creed—is—Vesalius—

Sylvia. O, my dear father, do not utter such cruel and merciless words! It is not only a desire of my

heart, but the duty of my conscience, to raise my voice against any misrepresentation of a man whose genius and irreproachable character deserve the highest praise.

Sylv. Well, all you say only confirms my belief that the necromancer, Vesalius, who practices his hellish, black artifice undergound, has entirely ensnared you in his satanic meshes. I now realize that the time has passed for acting as your father, and therefore I will take measures as your guardian. In any event, I do not want to be the father of a daughter who sacrifices the eternal welfare of her soul in order to exchange it for the friendship of a heretic. Solemnly and upon my oath I declare right here, that at this very instant I cease to be your father, and the first thing I intend to do as your guardian is to endeavor to save your poor soul from eternal perdition by having you transferred to a convent.

Sylvia. For heaven's sake, don't do that, my father! I prefer to die rather than be buried alive in a convent.

Sylv. Indeed, it is for heaven's sake that I am going to have you taken to a convent, because it is high time for you to look out for your salvation and offer up daily and even hourly prayers in order to save your soul from eternal perdition.

Sylvia. Do you really think you are able to force me back into the dungeon of *your* belief? Never, never! Not blind belief, but truth and science is now my heaven. It is enlightenment that my soul is longing for, after having been kept languishing in the dark of mental incarceration.

Sylv. More enlightenment! Well, you and your wicked company shall have it, for it may be that by tomorrow the flames of the stake will blaze fiercely, at which Vesalius, the hero of your faith, will be transfigured and glorified.

Sylvia. Please cease using such horrible language, such cruel words of the wildest fanaticism, convincing me that—I—no—longer—have—a—father!

No father can lacerate the heart of his daughter in such cruel manner. (*Pressing her hands to her heart.*) Keep up your courage, thou poor, tortured, quivering heart! Thou art full to bursting with agony, but thou hast the sublime mission to beat for him in whom all my life and all my happiness is rooted. Every time thou beatest, thou beatest for him, the hero and herald of the gospel of freedom of conscience and thought! He who believes that truth can be cremated at the blazing stake, and thus become wiped from the face of the earth, need not be surprised if he encounter sad disappointment. For, out of the ashes of the martyr of the new gospel rises with unfettered wings the Phœnix of truth, soaring to more luminous spheres, up toward the sun, encompassing triumphantly the universe. It is you, my father, who is in error, and who commits a sin against the holy ghost of humanity; but, verily, I say unto you, that neither the fulmination of the pope, nor the Duke de Alva, with his Spanish Inquisition and his blazing stakes, will succeed in extinguishing the eternal light of truth, because that light is inextinguishable. And I, for myself, with might and main, and as long as a single fiber of my heart quivers and as long as a free thought flashes

through my brain, I will set myself against being buried alive in a convent. I do not fear death, but I will not suffer being entombed alive. I am sorry, my father, that you are right—Vesalius and many other pioneers of the freedom of thought and scientific research are compelled to make their anatomical researches underground, amidst owls and bats, and other creatures of the same feather, shunning the light. It is true the flickering light of free thought and free investigation is still weak and unsteady, but, though small, it is inextinguishable. It is the eternal beacon light of science that shines and enlightens, while your so-called eternal lamp yields but sufficient light to more shockingly show the awful darkness of the surroundings inimical to truthful investigation. And interested hands are busy in keeping the human mind enshrouded in that everlasting darkness humanity is groping in. At present the faint but holy light of the new gospel comforts but the investigators of scientific truth, who are compelled to maintain a miserable existence underground—in cellars and sepulchres. But the time will come when the light of science, faint as it is at present, will turn into a heavenly light, as powerful as the sun himself, to enlighten the minds of all human beings that have been darkened under the influence of your bigoted belief. It is *my* belief and *my* gospel that the time will come when this light of newly revealed truths, faint and flickering as it now is, will become an almighty sun of enlightenment. I know that the time will come when scientific investigation will no longer be compelled to work and study in dark recesses, but will be pro-

tected and taught in magnificent temples.

Have they not discovered a New World in the far west? It is true, at the present time, Spain uses a vast amount of gold, the output of the inexhaustible mines of Peru, to destroy the free institutions and the sweet liberty of our country, to maintain an espionage over all Europe, to force the Spanish Inquisition upon the Netherlands, and to keep the minds of the people in the dark, and in the bondage of the Church, but the time will come, when, in that New World, splendid temples will be erected in the honor of science, and when the unlimited amount of gold, used at the present time to stupefy and enslave the human mind, will be employed to enlighten and bless mankind and to utterly rend the shackles forged upon human thought and scientific investigation in the darkness of by-gone centuries.

Sylv. Well, you see that I am not so intolerant and fanatical as you think, otherwise I would not have listened for such a long time to your wicked utterances, but now I am thoroughly convinced that the new and heretical teachings have poisoned your body and your soul. Now it is my plain and unmistakable duty to have you taken to a convent; and this, not only for the safety of your soul, but also for your bodily welfare, as it might happen that you too might be sentenced to death at the stake. And, which God forbid, that awful duty to sentence you to death might fall to my lot. (*Pointing to his button-hole.*) Therefore, get ready for your departure, which I have arranged for tonight. My brother, Professor Sylvius, will see that you are well prepared for your future duty, and he will introduce

you to a convent of Carmelite nuns. (*He departs.*
A pause.)

Sylvia. (*Wrapped in thought.*) What a weight of agony lacerates my poor heart! I—have—no—longer—a—father—and I am about to lose all that is dear to me on this earthly world—to—lose—thee,—Vesalius! What a precipitous fall from my heaven to the awful depths of unbounded despair—from the sunny and lofty height of sweet dreams of love rudely dashed to the yawning tomb of a convent! To be buried alive in a nunnery! Is my ardent longing for truth a crime? Are all those sweet and heavenly feelings coursing through my heart's quick, sinful? But as long as Vesalius is in danger I will not stop to think of myself for a single moment. I must see and warn him, and (*tears well to her eyes and choke her voice*) say him good-bye—forever!

Shall I tell him what is hanging over him? Shall I cast all that load of heart-rending grief upon his soul and throw new obstacles across his path, instead of assisting him to overcome those obstacles?

At any rate, I must warn him!

SCENE V.

The grave vault. Vesalius working on a corpse.

Vesalius. Here I am in the vault of a grave, underground, among mould and decomposition, and shut off from the life-sustaining elements, fresh air and sunshine. Being in search of scientific truth I am ostracized and despised by all and have to bear the deadly hatred of the Church as well as of the credulous crowd. And why? Because I love truth! Snares on every hand! I may at any moment expect to be annihilated by the fulmination of the pope. To such an abominable existence anatomical research has been reduced, and it is bound to languish under the most disgraceful conditions. Where are those sunny days science enjoyed among the ancient Greeks? Alas! even then the investigation of truth was bitterly hated and persecuted. They condemned thee, thou wonderful genius, Socrates, to empty the cup filled with the draught of deadly hemlock, for being the greatest investigator and heralder of truth. Why is truth hated and persecuted! There is a certain class of people who derive their subsistence and power from unsound doctrines calculated to mislead, intimidate and fleece the people, and you, Democritus, your fellow citizens shunned you like a leper and treated you like a maniac by refusing to allow you to dwell among them; and this because you had dissected some animals for scientific purposes. [Looking up to the crucifix on the wall of the grave vault.] And thou, great propounder of the truth from Nazareth, they have crucified you because you exposed the unsound doctrines of the Jewish priesthood. For that reason they made you,

the greatest martyr of truth, the victim of their deadly hatred. Well, what is it that makes truth hated so much by the priestcraft and fills them with everlasting hatred against further research? That is the great problem! The ideal vocation of the priest is to edify the human mind and to improve the morals of his flock, yet at all times priestcraft has been assiduously endeavoring to obtain full sway over the human mind.

And if you, the sage of Nazareth, should at the present time dare preach the same truth they would crucify you once more. What have they made out of your gospel? They have vilified and misrepresented and twisted the genuine gospel you preached. They have adulterated it. They have made a rope out of it to strangle the truth. They can not accomplish this without deceit; and as scientific investigation exposes any and every kind of hocus pocus, they assail it with venomous hate. For that reason priestcraft and popery *must* keep the human mind in the dark, as knowledge is a power that sets the human mind free. It is the great battle between the light and the dark. Who will finally win that battle, mankind or priestcraft, enlightenment or papacy? Oh, if I could only live one day in time to come, when scientific research of any kind will be permitted in full daylight and above ground, while at present it is compelled to eke out a paltry and disgraceful existence in sepulchre vaults and other underground recesses! But as it is, it is my fate to live at a time when that gigantic monster, that powerful black snake, struggles for his life with scientific investigation. Who will finally gain the

victory? With flaming letters it is imprinted upon my mind that there will come a time when scientific research will be permitted to stand erect, and investigation of truth will not be endangered by the dungeon or the stake, neither by the torturing rack or the fulmination of the pope. What is it that makes truth so desirable and that makes us love it so ardently and devotedly for its own sake? Who is able to fathom the overwhelming bliss and magic with which truth thrills the mind of the investigator? For its own sake all the prisoners have suffered untold mental and bodily agony and that agony has still to be suffered and will have to be suffered *until universal truth shall triumph for all times to come.* In spite of the flaring stakes, in spite of the torturing racks, in spite of the ban and fulmination of the pope, in spite of being persecuted and hunted from land to land *Ulrich de Hullen* shouts defiantly and triumphantly: "Science and the fine arts are flourishing; it is delightful to live!" And *Luther*, although warned not to go to Worms to expound the new gospel of protestanism, in order to avoid sure death, uttered defiantly the bold words: "Even then, if the whole town of Worms be swarming with devils, I will go thither!"

Time and again I feel an ardent desire to read once more those words memorable for all time to come, those words that *Mondini*, the great investigator of anatomical truth, wrote down one hundred years ago: "Ossa antem alia, quae sunt infra basilare non bene ad sensum apparent, nisi illa ossa decoquuntur, sed propler peccatum dismittere consuevi."

What a great mental agony must thou have suf-

ferred, Mondini, thou great investigator, when writing down those lines! You were compelled to give up the anatomical study of some bones at the base of the skull, as by the bull of the pope, Boniface VIII, the dissection of a human corpse, and even the maceration of a human bone, was made a capital sin, to be punished by the ban of the pope.

Master Mondini, you were the first who ventured to dissect a human body after a millennium had passed without anyone having dared touch a corpse for anatomical purposes! You were bold enough to dissect two bodies, and that was sufficient to instill new life into the science of anatomy, a science that had declined into utter insignificance. But this revival of anatomical research did not last very long, as Pope Boniface VIII anathematized it by his bull threatening anybody with the ban who might venture to dissect a human body or macerate a human bone. The church favored blind belief in the infallibility of the errors and unsound anatomical doctrines of the Roman heathen, Galenus, and the church sympathizes with those unsound doctrines as they have caused stagnation of the human mind for one thousand years and have rendered impossible any progress in investigating the truth.

Oh, how it fills my soul with agonizing pain to realize under what a disgraceful yoke science has been forced by the church! At present, at the outset of the fifteenth century, a mighty reform movement in the realm of religion has set in. Luther, in Germany, for the sake of religious reforms has defied the fulmination of the pope and has been bold enough to burn the pope's bull, anathematizing him,

on the market place of Wittenberg, in the presence of a large crowd.

Well, I, too, have made up my mind to defy the church for the sake of science.

The necessity for anatomical research is more and more acknowledged, and the belief in such a necessity is of such strength and endurance that it offers bold resistance to ban and persecution. After a thousand years of suppression the genius of science celebrates its resurrection, and the students and lovers of science manifest the noblest competition.

Here I am, an investigator as well as an outlaw; I am ostracized because I am thinking and investigating instead of blindly believing!

Why is there such an irreconcilable contrast between science and belief? How is it that the orthodox and bigoted hate the non-believer, while the knowing man does not harbor any hatred towards the ignorant people? If one has the *belief* that he possesses all the truth, why should he hate and persecute those who do not believe, but *know*? Why not investigate whether what we believe is true or not true? At present a thinking and investigating mind is a curse!

My soul is craving for truth, my mind is longing for light; why am I not entitled to tear away the bandage with which the church has blindfolded my mind's eye since my earliest childhood; why should I not investigate in order that my mind may drink in and admit all the light for which it has such ardent desire, instead of remaining beset and stupefied by mental darkness!

All that is alive and noble strives for light; only

venomous vermin and the deadly night-shade thrive in lightless surroundings. Light is a vital element to our bodily welfare as well as to our mind's eye, and it is the beacon light of science that sends shafts into the dark in search of and for the discovery of the truth.

Why is it that the church is interested in blinding the minds of millions of people! It is something awful to deprive a man of his eyesight, but it is the most heinous crime of which I can think to blind the minds of millions of people and to benight the mind and soul of whole nations. And this monster crime has been perpetrated on mankind for more than one thousand years! He who remonstrates against it and strives to free the minds from the prison house of spiritual darkness, is soon buried in a clammy dungeon and left to languish and rot, or is made to breathe his last under the untold tortures of the rack or to expire in the flames of the flaring stake. All this is hanging over my head. I am ostracized; I am outlawed and doomed. My annihilation is unavoidable. Oh, if I could but live in a century to come when an investigator will be allowed to indulge in anatomical research in full daylight and announce to all the world the truth he has discovered!

Will that time ever come? Indeed it will come!

Here I am in the vault of a grave; not a single ray of the sun comforts and invigorates my eyes, which are dimmed and tired by the twilight of this dismal abode. I am stigmatized, I am persecuted because I am thinking instead of blindly believing. Black as the arch of this vault, the skies are hanging

over my head—like a pall—but there is one bright star left in those gloomy skies, my friend Sylvia.

Shall I retrace my steps in search of scientific truth? No, never, never! Here is the book I cherish above all books, the bible in which I believe. Thou great mind, Mondini, thou bold investigator of truth, the first scientific treatise on anatomy thou hast written with your life blood! Ardently I press it against my throbbing heart and swear upon my solemn oath: *That I will always advocate the liberty of conscience and the freedom of thought and scientific investigation!*

Here are these bones, which you, great thinker and investigator, did not dare to macerate and demonstrate from, because by the bull of the pope it was declared to be a sin.

(The cry of a screech owl is heard.)

It is Anselm with a bad owlish message. *(In the ceiling of the vault a panel is thrown open and Anselm descends on a rope ladder.)*

Anselm. My greeting to you, Master Vesalius. Hail! and good luck to science!

Ves. My love to you, dear friend Anselm. *(Pointing out the two corpses.)* You have once more ventured much for the sake of science.

Ans. I did as well as I could, Master Vesalius, but now the black cowls are on our track; the whole town has been set astir by the news that last night the gallows and the rack were plundered. This time they will stir heaven and hell to find out where the purloined corpses are hidden. Hark! *(The noise of heavy footsteps resounding upon the ceiling of the vault is heard.)* There, above, the grave war-

dens are tramping about the graveyard to ferret us out. We must be on our guard and not venture to leave our burrow by the usual way above; we must try to work our way out through the chapel. Master Vesalius, in any event I will take all the blame upon my shoulders; it is I who spirited away the corpses from the gallows; I procured them, and I am prepared and ready to suffer the consequences. The church claims as its property the dead as well as the living. The cowls expect, their bellies having been abused and thrown out of gear by gormandizing and debauchery, that we are prepared at any time to put them in working order, and yet we are never permitted to study the human stuffing *in natura*. We are called in to set their fractured bones and readjust their dislocated joints without being given an opportunity to study in a corpse the shape of the bones and the manner in which they are joined together. If we take the liberty of studying a single bone *in natura*, they fling a fulmination at our head or break our bones on the torturing rack.

Yes. The obscurers and enemies of enlightenment are still in unrestrained power as regards science, but verily the time will come when science will break and shake off these disgraceful shackles. All over Europe powerful minds, fearless thinkers and investigators, have arisen, and are still arising: Mondini, Wislicenus, Huss, Savanarola, Luther, Zwingle, Melanchthon, Copernicus, Servetus, Ulrich von Hutten, Eustachius, Fallopia and others. But as soon as a new thinker, investigator or reformer arises a sudden flash of lightning speeds along from Rome and smites the master mind.

Ans. This time danger lurks not only above our heads, but (*pointing to one of the corpses*) also over there in the corner!

Ves. What do you mean, Anselm?

Ans. (*Motioning towards the opposite corner and speaking under his breath.*) That corpse over there is not a real corpse.

Ves. Is it a case of apparent death?

Ans. He is seemingly a dead man, but he either feigns death or is filled up with aqua vitae and opium and is in a death like stupor. I do not think that he will miss very much if I make him sleep another twenty-four hours. (*Anselm empties the contents of a vial into the mouth of the corpse.*) Very well, old man, sleep soundly for twenty-four hours longer. Now you won't be able to betray us, for that is what you are here for. (*Turning towards Vesalius.*) I became suspicious as soon as I took him from the rack; he was cool, but not cold, and all his joints were hale and without injury. They had put him on the rack without breaking his joints.

Ves. (*Approaches the corpse and lifts one of its eyelids.*) He is under the influence of powerful narcotics; you are right, Anselm; it is a devilish artifice of our artful enemies.

Ans. I was afraid he might awake at this very inopportune hour and sound an alarm when the grave wardens are right above our heads. Certainly! We must leave as soon as possible, not only this, our anatomical workshop, but the town. Our enemies are upon our heels, and (*motioning at the pseudo corpse*) that fellow over there is one of our worst enemies; it is his task to reveal our hiding place.

We cannot escape by way of the graveyard, we must work our way through the chapel. That corpse will raise hell as soon as he has slept off the effects of the opium, and (*pointing at the exit in the ceiling*) he will soon find out that safety valve! (*Anselm presses a button and a square stone of the masonry of the vault moves like a door on its hinges. Both Vesalius and Anselm slip through the opening in the wall into the adjoining chapel.*)

(*Change of setting. Vesalius and Anselm in the aisle of the chapel. Anselm readjusts the loose stone.*)

Ans. Well, Master Vesalius, the best you can now do is to say a prayer because you have nothing else to do. Pray, take a seat in that niche behind the pillar; here is a prayer book. I am going to find out if the street entrance of the chapel is clear of spies. Oh, look there, just now I notice there yonder, in the twilight, a form kneeling before the crucifix; now Vesalius you do not need a prayer book; there is your Madonna. Master Vesalius, please walk over there and let her realize that her ardent prayer for an opportunity of seeing you has been answered. I think she, too, has some news for you, though I am afraid that her tidings are rather ominous. Master Vesalius, I must beg leave. If I do not come back again you can rest assured that the way is clear. In any event, I shall call on you tonight, for at midnight we must take flight.

Ves. I thank you with all my heart, friend Anselm, for the care you have taken.

(*Exit Anselm. Vesalius walks over to the kneeling form and lowering himself on one of his knees*

beside her says in an undertone: To-day my leading star has risen at an unusual hour.)

Sylvia. It is not the rising morning star presaging good luck. It is the evening star going down and nearing its setting. (*With emotion.*) Vesalius, all is sinking away, the heavens are tottering from their bearings; darkness is creeping over the world and it benights my soul.

Yes. What is it that fills your heart with such great agony?

Sylvia. They are going to tear me away from here—from you! Up to this day our hearts were throbbing in sympathy, and animated by the same impulses; the same thoughts flashed through our minds and the same sentiments comforted our soul. All this heaven of bliss is falling to ruins.

Yes. Who did so cruelly wound your heart, dear *Sylvia*?

Sylvia. (*Choked with emotion.*) My father.

Yes. My dearest friend, let me know all.

Sylvia. You must take to flight, your life is in hourly danger; this very day you must leave Louvaine.

Yes. You want me to leave you, my dear friend? To separate our hearts means to break them.

Sylvia. Vesalius, my heart can only continue to live if I know that you are in safety.

Yes. Well, if it is your wish I will leave and return at the proper time to have our hearts united forever.

Sylvia. No, no, my dear friend, I also have to leave Louvaine and I—shall—never—return!

Yes. Oh! thou wilt share my exile? Now a

heavy burden drops from my heart and I am the happiest of mortals.

Sylvia. Do not speak that way and cause my poor heart, rent with awful agony, to bleed.

Yes. What is it that threatens you?

Sylvia. My father is going to bury me for life within the walls of a convent, in order to save my soul, which he says is poisoned with rank heretical ideas, from eternal perdition—from you, Vesalius.

Yes. Where are they going to immure you? I will rescue you from your convent prison at the peril of my life?

Sylvia. That I do not know. It is a strict secret.

Yes. Indeed, the earth begins to quake beneath me; the old, black and venomous monster is looming up in all his might and the coils of his gigantic body are drawn closer about his victim. Already I feel his slimy body and the irresistible strength of his paralyzing embrace. Yea, I feel his deadly breath and see his venomous fangs above my head. When shall be born the Hercules who with his iron arms will choke to death this monster! Science will do it! Dear friend, Sylvia, do not be disheartened, for all the powerful minds of the present age are striving with united strength for the freedom of thought and belief.

(*A voice from the altar is heard:* “Yes, indeed. They are striving for hell and eternal perdition!”)

Syl. (*Embarrassed.*) We have been watched. We are betrayed. (*She unfastens a locket.*) Here, my friend, Vesalius, take this as a keepsake. It is the likeness of your friend, who admires you, you the undaunted hero striving to free mankind of its

spiritual thrallodom. How impetuously my heart is throbbing? It is beating ever for your sake, Vesalius; for the sake of the lonesome hero, ostracized by everybody, forsaken by God and all the world, *but not by me*. Good bye!

(Part of the altar cloth is drawn aside and the face of a friar peers out for a moment from under the altar without being observed either by Sylvia or Vesalius.)

Ves. (*Stunned with agony.*) Farewell, my guardian angel. Good bye, my guiding star. Upon my solemn oath, you will soon shed again your heavenly light in all its former glory and splendor upon my dark and lonely path. (*Exit Sylvia.*)

Ves. (*Recovers from his bewilderment and walks up to the altar, thrusting his sword through the altar piece.*) Take that, you venomous snake. Wherever you may be hiding, come out of your hole. Disguised in the solemn garb of religion, it is your disgraceful business to sink your *fangs*, with all the cunning available, into the hearts of your flock who are unaware of your scheming. Your work is the work of Satan. You do not aim at the edification of the souls of your followers; you try to get full sway over their minds, and for that purpose you resort to all the artifices of hell to imprison their minds in the dungeon of superstition. But the time will come when the human mind will break the walls of its prison-house and shake off the fetters with which it is chained. Then the sun of enlightenment will rise and throw its shafts with unprecedented splendor upon a new world. Then, advanced minds will twist a flaming lash from the sunbeams

of enlightenment, at the sight of which these vermin which shun the light will recede to those underground quarters where now scientific research leads a most miserable existence, ever persecuted with venomous hatred. With that flaming lash will be scourged all those miscreants who have sinned against the holy ghost of mankind.

(The cry of a screech owl is heard in the direction of the exit of the chapel. Vesalius leaves in that direction.)

The face of the friar now appears from under the altar cloth, and rushing forth on his hands and knees he halts, looks round and says:

“Is he gone? Yes, he is gone.”

Jumping to his feet, he rubs his hands, and, accompanying his words with grimaces, delivers the following rhapsody:

How those fish struggle and sprawl
As we draw on the line!
Then we play them out,
And feed out the string,
Till they fancy they're free
As the dove on the wing—

But from our nets there is no escape;
We scheme and grab, we swindle and take;
A heretic never slips our hooks,
We hound his heels and in his wake
We follow; from town to town, from land to land.
On every hand our snares are spread
For such as do not cringe the knee, and lowly bow the head.

All these sapient, reformatory birds,
With their illusive creeds and glittering words,
Of them we make an easy disposition
Through the systematic workings of our Spanish Inquisition;
Not freedom of conscience, but license unrestrained

Is the goal toward which the heretic is aimed.
And to our flock of sheep they tell,
The world needs neither a heaven nor hell;
Where then would be our pretext grave
For treating our dull sheep to a shave?
Their need for us, and our needs neatly join,
For someone must gird their skin about his loin.
It is no trifling task, so we hold,
To guard a flock within the fold,
While Satan stands nearby, evil knowledge to impart,
Diligently seeking the weak spot in their heart,
Preaching freedom of conscience, and liberty of mind,
And with sinister sophistries endeavoring to blind,
Ruthlessly distorting the tenets of the church,
And prying into secret closets none should ever search.
And are we not the proxies of the Lord;
The privileged ones to expound his word?
The pulpit is our platform for pyrotechnical display,
The pen the two-edged sword with which we play.
We make the world believe that what we say is so,
For no one can disprove what nobody can know.
With a pinch of snuff, sir, if you please,
We cause all Christendom to sneeze;
A single flourish of a little crucifix,
And all Christian peoples we transfix,
Down on their knees, our aspect is so frightening,
They fall like supple twigs before a flash of lightning;
And for all this the Lord must thank our mediation—
Ours the execution, his part the creation.
When a man is stuffed with faith and will not reason,
You can have choice game in any sort of season
We loosen a few screws in a subject's head,
And he's blind as the blind, and deaf as the dead.
Numberless, in short, are our little twists and turns,
And, just between ourselves, much coin the device earns.
The heretics berate us with the names of "sot" and "glutton,"
They assert that we are fond of wine and juicy mutton;
'Tis but another calumny aimed at the faithful sheep

Whose lives and trusting souls are in our keep.
For the selling of indulgences they call us awful names,
For enlightenment of the people they make their noisy claims ;
Now what more can they ask—for goodness gracious sake—
Do we not the world enlighten with the flaring stake?
For the ills of every mind, both great and small,
Religion is the ointment that will cure them all ;
We are masters of its make and of its use,
Those who will not buy it can offer no excuse.
But for the wretched heretics we scarcely have a thought,
Those scoffers of the priests are best by scourging taught ;
Every mother's son who won't turn his footsteps back,
In the name of the good Lord we put upon the rack.
If he complains and murmurs of the burdens of our yoke,
Down in the clammy dungeon him we quickly poke,
The deeper and the darker the bottom of the pit,
The more the satisfaction we draw out of it ;
For such rank reformers of the holy creed,
Mental and bodily anguish is the crying need.
Amidst the slimy vipers, here and there a rat and toad,
Is the sort of habitation that will their spirit goad ;
If we toss the wretches there—early, late and often—
'Twill tend their hearts to turn, 'twill tend their souls to soften,
Vesalius, the heretic, and his bewitching fay
Are fast getting ripe for an auto-da-fe.

SCENE VI.

Parlors of a bath-house. Erik, the bath-house keeper. Drummers and fifers heard in the street soliciting the people to take weekly bath, according to the ordinance of the magistrate. Anselm enters.

Anselm. Good morning, Erik. How do you do? What is the news?

Erik. Something awful has happened. Last night the corpses of the two delinquents who were executed yesterday were stolen from the gallows.

Ans. That is nothing new to me, but I should much like to know who stole the corpses.

Erik. It is the new believers, the heretics, who are using the bodies for the concoction of their arcana, which they extract from corpses. Yesterday I was myself in need of something of that kind; Kolf, the cobbler, had cut his hand and I think some human grease from the same part of the hand of the executed criminal might have worked wonders in his case, as it might in many others. Say, Master Anselm, what would you have resorted to in such a case?

Ans. I should have resorted to my legs.

Erik. How is that?

Ans. I should have hurried to the sufferer as fast as my legs would carry me, being afraid the cut might heal before I got there. If a patient sends for you, hurry to his bedside at breakneck speed, and as soon as you arrive advise, or, still better, prescribe something, as he may otherwise get well on his own account. No patient should be allowed to find out that it is nature and not the physician that

heals disease. *Natura sanat, medicus curat*, says Hippocrates, the greatest physician who ever lived; to wit, it is nature that heals disease while the physician merely attends to the case.

Administer to the patient some of the so-called remedies, or, still better, give him lots of them, as he thinks a lot of stuff does him a lot of good, and, by the way, do not forget to occupy the full time nature requires in performing her healing work. What nature does not know, nobody knows, and what nature can not achieve, nobody can achieve.

Whatever you prescribe, the great majority of cases get well in any event, sooner or later, but if the silly people get well after having taken one or the other of the so-called "remedies" they invariably say that they got well by having taken the stuff.

This wrong conclusion is the main secret of medical practice and gives us bread.

Of course we ourselves know well that these sufferers get well because nature cures them while they are taking the stuff. In many cases they get well in spite of taking so-called remedies, because if the patient is a poor devil his physician may say: *Experimentum faciamus in anima vili*. Why not experiment on that poor devil that doesn't amount to anything! As it happened with a friend, who understood Latin. But he got right up and escaped the experiments of his officious physicians.

If the patient should find out the fallacy of the "*post hoc, ergo propter hoc*" argument—I got well after having taken medicine, consequently I got well by taking medicine—our coffers would instantly suffer from incurable consumption; for if general

health prevails, and our fellowmen are well, we physicians are bad off, but if plenty of people are suffering, we physicians are well off. It is disease that fills our coffers, while health leaves them empty.

Mr. Quacky, can you put it together, such bleating idiotism, when they tell us the same poisonous drugs that make a strong and healthy man sick, namely a man that has strong nerves, plenty of rich blood, sound sleep and a perfect digestion, will cure a sick man that lacks all these fine attributes?

There are no such things as healing potions, but there are healing and restorative powers innate in every living being and every living tissue.

As I was saying, Mr. Quacky, if a sufferer sends for you, hurry to him as fast as you can; that will make him believe that his case is rather serious and that you hasten to his bedside in order to save him, while as a matter of fact you are afraid in many cases that if Nature is allowed to take her course the patient may recover before you reach his bedside. Nature does the work and works the miracles, and we physicians get the credit for it, and the coin, too.

Erik. Indeed, every day miracles are wrought! Right over there is an instance; look at him! Yesterday he was executed, and then dragged into a grave vault by the hyenas of the graveyard for the purpose of dissection, parts of his anatomy to be used for their necromantic tricks. Now that corpse is sitting over there and enjoys a cupping, because while dead his blood had become thick and unfit for circulation.

Anselm. (*Under his breath and to himself, tak-*

ing a glance at the customer.) Upon my soul, if I have one, that is indeed corpse number two, whom I placed in the corner of our workshop in the grave vault, and about whom I gave Master Vesalius a warning! This fellow must have a most peculiar set of nerves, as I administered to him a dose of dope that would have sent anybody else to sleep for at least forty-eight hours. Now he is looking at me! It sends a shudder down my back! Fortunately he does not know me by sight, but he might recognize my voice!

Erik. Do you hear, Master Anselm, what he says? The miscreants who have stolen the corpses from the gallows have been caught, and they will be hanged tomorrow.

Anselm. (*To himself.*) Now it is high time to be keeping out of the way of this live corpse, otherwise I may be a corpse tomorrow. I will hurry to Master Vesalius and tell him that we have to leave Louvaine as soon as possible. (*Under his breath to Mr. Erik.*) Good bye, Quacky, I am in a hurry!

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Auditorium of Professor Sylvius.*

Prof. Sylvius. *Commilitones honoratissimi!* I thank you for the honor you show me by your appearance in such great numbers, and I take great pleasure in inaugurating you still further in the wonders and mysteries of the human anatomy. We are informed by the Holy Writ that the Lord has made man his image, as is shown by these anatomical plates drawn by Galenus, the greatest authority on the anatomy of man.

Anselm. Professor Sylvius, pray let me make but one remark as regards those anatomical plates.

Prof. Sylv. Most certainly! I have informed this most honorable audience on more than one occasion that I am at any time ready and prepared to answer any questions that arise among the audience and to settle any kind of doubt; for we pursue our studies and investigations in common.

Anselm. These anatomical plates appear to me more like the likeness of a monkey than the image of God.

(Great sensation among the audience and loud exclamations of disapproval by some of them.)

Prof. Sylv. My dear friend, are you in earnest with your remarks; if so, then you doubt the teachings of the greatest authority in anatomical science, and you profane science. I assure you that I am the most pronounced enemy of all heresy in science as well as in religion.

Anselm. As regards human anatomy I have a better authority at hand than Galenus.

Prof. Sylv. Are you out of your mind? Not one word more; I cannot and will not suffer that my auditorium, a renowned temple of science, be disgraced by such a shocking defamation. If I cared to descend to a discussion of your atrocious remarks, I should only have to put the question, "well, where is your authority?" in order to annihilate you by bringing ridicule upon you.

Anselm. There is my authority, Master Vesalius. He is the man to fully prove the truth of my assertion that Galenus is an authority in the anatomy of monkeys, while Master Vesalius is the greatest authority in the anatomy of man. (*Turning to the students.*) Dear friends! I know for certain that you are out for the truth and that you are in favor of untrammeled investigation. You shall, therefore, find out yourselves what splendid progress anatomical research has made in recent times.

(*Anselm pulls a bandage of black silk from his pocket and steps toward Vesalius.*)

Anselm. Master Vesalius, please let me blind-fold you for a few minutes! (*He puts the bandage over Vesalius' eyes and takes a number of small bones from his pocket; placing them in front of Vesalius he turns to the students. The majority of them gather about Vesalius, a small number surround Professor Sylvius.*) Look here, these are human bones, the bones of the carpus of the right and left hand, and here are the bones of the tarsus of the right and left foot. It is rather difficult to tell which one of these bones belongs to the

right or left hand or to the right or left foot, however closely you scrutinize them, but Master Vesalius is able—even with eyes blindfolded—to tell you in a moment where they belong.

Now, comrades, place one bone, whichever you choose, in the hand of Master Vesalius and repeat the operation as often as you please.

(One of the bones in front of Vesalius is placed in his hand. He feels it for a moment.)

Vesalius. This is the *os cubuideum* of the tarsus of the left foot. *(Another bone is placed in his hand.)* This is the *os pisiforme* of the carpus of the left hand. *(Another is given him.)* This is the *os hamatum* of the right carpus. *(Another.)* This is the *os naviculare* of the right tarsus. *(Again.)* This is the *os calcaneum* of the same tarsus.

[The students have been watching the whole performance with the utmost admiration and a keen interest prevails among them, even Professor Sylvius cannot conceal his astonishment.]

Prof. Sylv. Are these bones genuine human bones or mere imitations?

Vesalius. They are genuine human bones.

Prof. Sylv. This proves that they have been acquired by the profanation of graves and of the dead, and we do not care for your new brand of anatomical research, a brand that has been cultivated by outrageous and criminal methods.

*“Qui proficit in literis et deficit in moribus,
Plus deficit quam proficit.”*

Vesalius. For that very reason we are in favor of the untrammeled investigation of truth, and strongly opposed to a method of teaching which for centuries has taught anatomical untruths and errors as

anatomical facts, and has persecuted genuine research in order to prevent progress of the human mind.

The anatomy which you, Professor Sylvius, teach the medical students is the anatomy of dogs and monkeys, but not the anatomy of man. Please glance over your anatomical plates and you will see that all those characteristic points are lacking that make the skeleton of man differ from the skeletons of animals, and especially from that of the monkey.

For instance, the remarkable volume of the human skull compared with the face, the forehead more vertical in man, while sloping or entirely wanting in animals. In addition, those projections and ledges of the skull of man are wanting, which serve in animals for the insertion of muscles and the ligamentum nuchae, which the human head, pivoting in its center of gravity and balanced in its bearings on the spinal column, does not need. Moreover, in man the jaws do not protrude, as is the case in animals, and the human head has a chin while animals have none; in men the thumb is more developed than in monkeys, and look here, (he picks up one of the bones in front of him,) the *os calcaneum* in man is bigger than in monkeys.

Now compare it with that on your plates of so-called human anatomy. The thigh-bone is the longest bone in man, but not in monkeys, as the bone of the upper arm in monkeys exceeds the femur in length, or at any rate equals it.

Look here! (Vesalius pulls from under his coat a femur and brandishes it.) This is a human thigh-bone! Please judge for yourself, Professor Sylvius,

whether Galenus, your authority of one thousand years, or the new anatomical school, is mistaken.

(Great applause from the students.)

Prof. Sylv. *(Becrossing himself.)* A genuine human bone! Horribile dictu! *(Turning to the students.)* What good Christian would care to endorse a new anatomical school which profanes man, the image of God, and which improves itself by the profanation of the dead!

Here, Vesalius, let me take this bone in my hand to convince myself that it is not an artifice of hell, with which you seem to be allied. *(Becrossing himself, and plucking up an end of his garb to prevent coming in close contact with the bone, he picks it up.)*

Prof. Sylv. *(In elevated tones.)* Now I hold the corpus delicti in my hands, as an evidence that you, Vesalius, are a profaner of the dead and a hyena of the graveyard, and this corpus delicti will suffice to cut short your disgraceful career! *[Here he quickly turns, and, pushing open a door concealed in the wall, slips through with femur in hand. A great tumult arises. Anselm draws his sword and all the students do the same.]*

Anselm. *(Shouting.)* What an outrage! *[Flourishing his sword he makes for the door through which Professor Sylvius has disappeared, and where a small number of students meet him with swords drawn. The majority of the students crowd in the same direction shouting: "Untrammeled liberty of scientific research!" At this point Vesalius steps between the two factions.]*

Vesalius. Indeed, full freedom for the investiga-

tion of truth, but, my dear friends, swords are not the weapons of science!

A tremendous ovation is tendered Vesalius by his followers, who carrying him in their midst leave the auditorium shouting:

“For the future Vesalius shall be our teacher, let us find an auditorium for him!”

SCENE II.

Ves. Well, Anselm, are you satisfied with our first skirmish with the old anatomical school?

Ans. Master Vesalius, I am overjoyed. This was a battle to my heart’s content. The old school of Galenus, with its anatomy of dogs and monkeys, has suffered a fearful defeat; a defeat from which it will never recover. The so-called anatomy of man has now been demonstrated to be the anatomy of dogs and monkeys. It was the first human bone that has been shown to medical students for one thousand years. The students are greatly exasperated because of the deceit practiced for a thousand years. The human thigh-bone you brandished worked like the famous jaw-bone of an ass of Samson to put to flight Professor Sylvius and the rest of the medical Philistines. Like Samson, with gigantic force you took hold of one of the principal pillars of the magnificent temple of medicine, and the vast edifice fell, like an old shed, clattering to the ground. How proud and self-conceited did Professor Sylvius oracle from his chair, as if he were sitting on the Delphic tripod, and as he, in spite of your momentous arguments, did not come down vol-

untarily from his gilded tripod, the students pulled him down, shouting: "Down with the anatomical humbug!" Indeed we have battered a breach in that strong bulwark of anatomical hocus pocus, and I shout with Ulrich de Hutten: "The fine arts and science are flourishing; it is delightful to live!" As a matter of course the Old School is greatly incensed and we will have to encounter an exasperating and malicious attack from our enemies. Oh, how I do glory in you, Master Vesalius; the results of your untiring investigation and of your thorough dissections of the human body have gained the victory over the unsound teachings of the old anatomical school of Galenus. For more than a millennium those unsound doctrines have claimed and maintained infallibility, and the church was delighted thereat, because it brought scientific research to a standstill.

Master Vesalius, with all my heart I congratulate you upon your well deserved triumph. Now you have good reason to feel happy and to look back with proud confidence over the road you have traveled.

Yes. It is a victory towards which you have contributed a fair share, my friend Anselm, but perfect happiness can be born only in the heart, and you know, my friend Anselm, that my heart is languishing with untold agony, for apparently the guiding star of my life has set forever. The deadly anxiety arising from uncertainty whether Sylvia is still among the living, imprisoned and buried alive behind the silent walls of the convent, or whether her noble soul has already succumbed under her untold agony, preys upon my life and paralyzes my

heart strings like a deadly, insidious poison. All our investigations at Montpellier and at Cologne have been in vain; with a mind half stunned I have pursued my studies at those universities. In Paris, too, all your inquiries have been futile. It is true I did not ask you about the result of your investigations in Paris, but when I noticed that you avoided my inquiring looks I realized that all my hope and happiness were forever gone. How boundless would be my happiness if in addition to you, my dear friend Anselm, Sylvia could share the victory of the truth. You fully understand my heart, dear Anselm. Do feel as I do, and you will not be angry with me, if, after you have done everything in your power to find a trace of poor, suffering Sylvia, I beg you once more, urgently and instantly, to try for the last time to learn something about the whereabouts or fate of Sylvia. Take these thousand florins in gold. It is all that I have left, and I wish that I could place one thousand times that amount of money in your hands. Promise that amount to anybody who is able to give you information of a novice of the name Anastasia, who has been inaugurated in one of the convents of Paris or its outskirts. See the abbesses of all the nunneries and flourish the money! They are greedy, those pious ladies!

Ans. Certainly, Master Vesalius, I will not rest satisfied until I have succeeded in comforting your heart; this bait will do its work. I go on the instant to throw out my angling line. (*He leaves.*)

Ves. Sylvia, thou fair queen of my heart, oh if you were only here to enjoy with me the first victory the untrammelled investigation of truth has gained,

the cause to which you have devoted your life and sacrificed your life blood! What avails a triumph of the intellect while the heart is bleeding! Sylvia, do send me one single message of your soul, telling me if you are at this moment giving me a thought. How often a message of thine has tinkled in my ears! There is no wire attached to the little bell that murmurs in my ears, but it is sensitive to your mind, from which your thoughts beam forth like sunbeams; forming, like sunrays, a shimmering path along which speed all the sentiments of your soul into mine. When your message rings in my ear then I know that wherever you may be you remember me and our minds are in spiritual communion. Just now, Sylvia, is one of your messages sounding in my ears, and, alas, I am unable to decipher it! Give me, I pray, some intimation whether you are still on this planet; give me that joyful tidings! For any tidings from you are gospel to me. Without the sunshine beaming forth from your eyes, no happiness for me is conceivable, and no life of mine possible. Indeed, my life is rooted in my unlimited love for you, and upon you rests all my future. It was that very love that gave me the strength and the inspiration I needed to achieve what I have achieved; achieved through thee!

You alone were able to understand my ardent longing for truth, and my indomitable desire for the freedom of thought, and my unshaken hope in the deliverance from restraint of conscience and belief. Is there a greater blissfullness conceivable than that which lies in the thorough understanding

of two congenial minds? With them every thought that emerges from the labyrinth of the mind finds a full understanding, and re-echoes in the mind of his spiritual double; every sentiment welling up from the occult depth of the soul and from the holy shrine of the heart of the one causes the chords of the kindred soul to respond in sweet sympathy and blissful harmony. Indeed, the most exalted happiness in our life is the inexhaustible blissfullness of the sympathy of mind and soul of a true loving heart.

How often but one thought of thee, my Sylvia, has steeled my faltering arm, tired by unceasing work of research midst rot and mold! At times my courage has waned under the pressure of continuous rank and malicious persecution, but a single word of encouragement uttered by thee, thou fair one, has always inspired me, as if by magic power, with new strength and confidence. (*A knock at the door; a messenger with a large document enters and hands the document to Vesalius; messenger departs. Vesalius opens the document.*) Ah, a summons to appear before the Sorbonne! Professor Sylvius is in a hurry to have me brought before that tribunal of medical heresy. I know very well what they are going to do. They will try to make me renounce all my anatomical teachings, otherwise they will expel me from the medical fraternity. I know I shall be excommunicated, *cum infamia*, if I do not renounce my teachings. But, my dear confreres, you will not succeed. They do not hang anybody until they have caught him. I shall not appear before your tribunal which is going to ostracize so-called

medical heresy. If they would but place a corpse at my disposal, I should not hesitate for one moment; for then I could demonstrate to the fullest extent, before the very eyes of those periwigs, that all the venerable and time-honored anatomical truths handed down through so many centuries are nothing but errors. But they do not want to see the truth; neither do they care to listen to the truth and become convinced of it. The church hates any kind of progress, as it does away with stagnation of the human mind. The moral earthquake of the public mind, embodied in the religious reform movement, has shocked the church more than the physical earthquake, the recent convulsions of our planet at Lisbon. The church is alarmed and embarrassed at the flood of new ideas, inventions and discoveries, born, under hard labor, from the lap of the present time. The invention of gunpowder makes the weakest man a giant; the invention of the printing press spreads knowledge that has hitherto been considered the privilege and sole property of the monks and of the guild of scholars; in addition, the printing press has spread the new gospel of Luther with marvelous rapidity, a new world has been discovered, and the astronomical teachings of the bible are going to be proven erroneous by the admirable astronomical discoveries of the ingenious master mind of that great astronomer, Copernicus, though he is prudent enough not to divulge them at present, being well aware that it would mean his sure death at the stake. His unequalled genius has discovered the natural laws that govern the marvelous perpetual motion of the universe; and that hitherto huge

body, the earth, that we called the world and the center of the universe, his master mind has reduced, contrary to the bible's so-called revelations of the Lord, to a comparatively very small affair among the celestial bodies. Anatomical research has been revived, but the church has immediately anathematized it. Rome is quivering with rage and fear, as the world does not fall to pieces either from the astronomical heresy of Copernicus or from the religious heresies of the arch-heretic, Luther, who went so far in his boldness as to even call the pope the Anti-Christ and cremate publicly the bull of the pope issued to excommunicate him. Popery and priestcraft are shaken to their foundation, yet there are many belonging to the craft of scholars who take the side of the church, or who, at least, do not dare to shake off the shackles with which they have been loaded. The Sorbonne might have saved its pains, for I shall not appear before that Tribunal of Inquisition to be indicted and punished for scientific heresy.

SCENE III.

THE SORBONNE.

Professor Sylvius' auditorium. On a table covered with dark cloth rests the human femur; a number of members of the Sorbonne surround the table.

Among them Prof. Sylvius.

DOYEN. *Collegae honoratissimi! A most important matter upon which to deliberate is come before us. The matter in question involves not only the interests of the medical faculty, but also the vital interests of our university, the chief exponent of theology in Europe.*

Gentlemen, pray look over there and behold the *corpus delicti*, a genuine human bone! *Horribile dictu!* (*Some of the members of the Sorbonne draw nearer, and gaze at the femur with manifestations of wonder and abhorrence.*)

An ambulatory student, his name is Vesalius, who attends the lectures of our most respected colleague, Professor Sylvius, has before the whole audience pronounced the anatomy taught by our dear colleague, Professor Sylvius, to be not the anatomy of man, but the anatomy of dogs and monkeys. To prove his assertion he has been flourishing that genuine human bone during his argument.

Dear colleagues, what is your opinion, and what should be done in the matter?

A MEMBER OF SORBONNE. *Est heretic a capite ad calcem. Il est une bête noire. Dominus vobiscum.* He is a heretic from head to foot. He is a black

beast, an object of abhorrence. God be with you!

ANOTHER MEMBER. *Fiat justitia, ruat coelum!*
Let justice be done, though the heavens fall! *Omnia
ad Dei gloriam!* All things to the glory of God!

DOYEN. Who knows if this is a genuine human bone? Do you know whether or not it is a human bone, *mon cher ami, le professeur Sylvius?* Did you ever see before this a genuine human bone?

PROF. SYLVIUS. (*Somewhat embarrassed.*) I admit I did not, but Vesalius says himself that it is a genuine human bone.

DOYEN. *Absente reo,* in the absence of the defendant let us be just; *accusare nemo se debet,* no one is bound to incriminate himself.

PROF. SYLVIUS. Are we going to wait till the heavens fall? Is this *corpus delicti* (*pointing at the bone*) not an evident proof that that miscreant is a grave robber, deserving capital punishment?

To all appearances the anti-Christ has been turned loose and religion and science are shaken to their foundations. Every one of you, my dear colleagues, knows the frightful encroachments the heretics have made upon our Holy Church. But recently one of my professional friends has informed me that Copernicus, a man of high position among the clergy, indulges in the most awful pursuits, committing the blasphemy of reaching out for the celestial mysteries by searching the realm of the Lord with spy-glasses. And listen, gentlemen, he is going to publish the results of all his necromantic artifices as astronomical facts. He asserts that the sun and not the earth is the centre of the universe, and that the earth revolves around the sun, instead of the sun

revolving around the earth, as it has been revealed to us by the Lord in the holy writs.

(*The audience gives evidence of being greatly shocked, and exclamations are heard, such as: "Horribile dictu! Indeed it is the greatest blasphemy! It is awful that Christians use spy-glasses in order to find out celestial mysteries and spy about the realm of the Lord."*)

PROF. SYLVIUS. *Eh bien, messieurs!* Do you not realize that the prince of darkness is right among us, undermining the foundation of our Holy Church? How about Huss and Savanarola, Luther, Melanchthon, Calvin and Zwingli, all of them at the start being shining lights of theology and then becoming renegades?

If all of them should have met with the same fate as Huss, Savanarola and Zwingli, then I should be satisfied.

Zwingli was treated just as he deserved and just in the manner that pleases me—wounded on the battlefield he lay weak and bleeding when approached by a captain, who, with drawn sword, ordered that he pronounce the name of the Holy Virgin in righteous repentance. Upon his refusal so to do, the captain thrust his sword through his neck, killing him. Others then fell upon him and quartered him. His remains were then burned, and the ashes mixed with the ashes of a pig, thus putting it completely beyond the power of his followers to gather them.

The mere thought of Ulrich de Hutton makes me shudder, and gunpowder—seemingly the invention of the monk Berthod Schwartz—is in fact the out-

come of the blackest of hellish artifices; it is the invention of Satan himself, with whom the monk was closely allied.

And the invention of the art of printing, is it not another brand of blackest hellish artifice?

And how about the consequences of all these evil conditions? Is it not evident what they are to be? Iconoclasm, the uprising of the peasantry, the spread of rank hereticism, and so forth, foreshadow the impending ruin of our Holy Church.

DOYEN. I propose to deliver that *corpus delicti*, a genuine human bone, to the Holy Inquisition! That will suffice to cut short the iniquitous career of that wicked heretic and necromancer, Vesalius.

For the present I think it just and wise to give our most respected colleague, Professor Sylvius, carte blanche to prevent Vesalius from spreading further his venomous teachings by having him put away in some shady place. Gentlemen, I thank you for all the zeal you have shown to protect our famous university against the inroads of rank heresy. If you agree in my proposition, please let me have your opinion.

THE AUDIENCE. Agreed!

DOYEN. *Eh bien, messieurs, adieu et au revoir!*

SCENE IV.

Convent of the Carmelite Nuns in Paris. Reception room of the abbess. Abbess and Anselm, then Selma, then Professor Sylvius.

Abbess. I have complied with your request and have inquired at all the convents of Paris and its outskirts. In none of them is there a novice of the name Anastasia, and none of the new comers corresponds with the description you have given me.

Anselm. What a pity that I can not hand over the thousand florins in gold, which are to be given as a reward to the one who is able to locate Miss Anastasia.

Abbess. To judge from your accent you are a stranger in this country.

Ans. I am a stranger, but I do not feel strange facing such a kind and hospitable lady.

Abbess. Thank you, I hope you will soon call again. Such a polite and much travelled gentleman is welcome at any time. Apropos, you might do well to deposit the thousand florins in gold with me, to be invested in our holy cause, which would yield to you all the blessings of heaven.

Ans. Very kind, indeed, right reverend abbess, but I am obliged to refund the money to the party who gave me the order to investigate, as I have not succeeded in locating Miss Anastasia.

Abbess. For your personal comfort I am in position to offer you any kind and any amount of letters of indulgence at a very low figure.

Ans. I am sorry that I am not able to accept

your kind offer, as I possess a stock of that article which will last me for the remainder of my life. At Cologne I bought from the famous indulgence mongster, Tetzel, a bushel of letters of indulgence. It is always a good thing to have a chunk of indulgence for every day life. I also bought the latest brand of Tetzel's letter of indulgence with the motto :

"As soon as the money drops into Tetzel's coffer,
The exonerated soul jumps into heaven."

Thus I have not only lots of indulgence for the remainder of my life, but heaven is secured for me. It is always advisable to provide for the future.

Abbess. (*Somewhat nettled.*) Well, the thought would never have entered my mind that such a perfect gentleman needs so many letters of indulgence; besides Tetzel's letters of indulgence are rather high priced.

Ans. I don't think so. His latest price list puts the price for a letter of indulgence to save a soul from purgatory as low as ten cents, for polygamy four ducats, for perjury nine ducats, for murder eight ducats, for witchcraft two ducats.

Abbess. Simson in Switzerland sells letters of indulgence still cheaper; for instance, for infanticide four francs, for parricide and fratricide one ducat.

Ans. Indeed the art of printing is a wonderful invention. Letters of indulgence are at the present printed by cartloads, consequently the poor souls can be saved, too, by the cartload, and if some one is bent on murder, and has something in his pocket-book, he can have a treat at any time.

Abbess. Sir, you say the printing art is a wonderful invention. I say it is a hellish artifice. It is

a trick of the devil himself. In the art of printing Satan gave the heretics a means to spread their satanic heresies all over the Christian world in an incredibly short time, but I understand that the other day the devil called on that miscreant, Gutenberg, and twisted his neck.

Ans. There you are mistaken, madam. The old boy did not do anything of that kind, God bless him!

Abbess. Sir, for heaven's sake, what are you talking about!

Ans. I say God bless the devil. The old boy badly needs some blessing, because we mortals curse him all the time.

Abbess. Are you sometimes absent-minded?

Ans. Not that I know of, madam.

Abbess. You speak of time-honored and venerable institutions of the Holy Church in such a strange and outlandish way that I do not know what to think of you.

(*One of the sisters enters and announces Selma, the nurse of Sylvia.*)

Abbess. What does she want?

Sister. She calls in the affair of Sylvia, the niece of Prof. Sylvius.

Abbess. (*Turning to Anselm.*) You will have to excuse me; please step into the adjoining room.

(*Anselm enters the adjoining room, but leaves the door a little open. Selma enters.*)

Selma. Good day, madam.

Abbess. God bless you! You are by yourself? Where is your mistress?

Selma. Miss Anastasia is still suffering. She

will not be able to become a novice of this convent for at least a week.

Abbess. She does not seem to be in a great hurry to repent and expiate her sins.

Selma. Miss Anastasia has not committed any sins and consequently she has nothing to repent or expiate.

Abbess. What godless and heretical words! Small wonder! you come over to this country from the Netherlands or Germany. All men are sinners before the Lord; they have been born in sin.

Selma. Miss Anastasia has not been born in sin, she was born in Louvaine.

Abbess. What bold language! You will have to suffer. You say Anastasia is the name of your mistress?

Selma. It is.

Abbess. (*To herself.*) Well, now I have got the thousand florins in gold. (*Aloud.*) I shall have a word with Prof. Sylvius as regards his niece.

(*One of the sisters announces Prof. Sylvius.*)

Abbess. Tell him he is welcome. I shall be delighted to see him. (*Turning to Selma.*) Well, step into the adjoining room, I can not keep this great man waiting for one moment. He comes just in time, your master.

Selma. He is not my master.

Abbess. What are you mumbling! You are a wicked creature. Hurry!

(*Selma enters the adjoining room and meets Anselm. Prof. Sylvius enters.*)

Prof. Sylvius. Ah, my right reverend Abbess, how delighted I am to see you, you faithful, god-fearing soul.

Abbess. You do me the honor of calling on me. What can I do for you!

Prof. Sylvius. I am calling to get some information about my niece, Anastasia, whose guardian I am. There ought to be an immediate change in affairs, otherwise that heretic will be lost forever. My brother sent her from Louvaine to Paris in order that I might place her in a convent to expiate her unfaithfulness and her heresy.

Abbess. Her name is Anastasia?

Prof. Sylvius. Yes, most reverend Abbess, my niece calls herself Anastasia, the resurrected one. (*Abbess to herself, "Now I am sure I will get the thousand florins in gold!"*) She says that shortly after she was born—that means at a time when she could neither give nor refuse her consent—they baptized her, and thus shackled her mind by confessional bondage. Fettered by those shackles her mind languished for years and years until she finally broke the bonds. She says her mind was, during all that time, penned up in the prison-house of religious faith, entombed and buried alive, until she broke the vault and celebrated her own resurrection, and she therefore calls herself "Anastasia," the resurrected one.

Abbess. For heaven's sake, what awful wickedness, and it will be my part to convert that God forsaken soul, and lead her back unto the path of righteousness.

Prof. Sylvius. Most reverend Abbess, my niece cannot be converted. She is hopelessly suffering from the Lutheran plague; she ought to be quarantined and isolated in a convent and thus made in-

offensive. We must take her to the convent, willingly or unwillingly, and this time we will in fact entomb and bury her alive, in your convent, a grave from which she will not resurrect.

Abbess. Everything shall be done as you say, monsieur le professeur; and all for the sake and glory of the Lord!

Prof. Sylvius. Amen! But this is not all. Indeed we are living in a most awful time; the Holy Church is shaken to its foundation and the wretches even try to destroy the time-honored teachings of science and to replace them by irreligious doctrines and devilish heresies.

Abbess. Monsieur, le professeur, you frighten the life out of me. It seems as if the end of the world were near.

Prof. Sylvius. So it seems; the anti-Christ is among us. But even this is not all; these wicked heretics are not satisfied with laying their sacreligious hands on all earthly creation of the Almighty —on the anatomy of the human body—nay, those apostates of the Holy Church in their frenzied audacity reach out their sacreligious hands for the heavenly bodies and try to tear the whole universe from its bearings. The heretic astronomer, Copernicus, is about to set forth that it is not the sun that encircles the earth, but the earth that encompasses the sun. Thus he throws all the godly truths that are revealed in the holy writ to the dogs. If one smashes but one single pillar of the magnificent temple of the universe, then the whole world and the heavens above our heads must fall to pieces.

Abbess. And what an unholy, tremendous noise

it would cause, and what would become of the Lord and all his holy angels if their heavenly home should collapse about their heads.

Prof. Sylvius. For half a century I have, as a member of the medical faculty, enjoyed the highest authority, and with admiration and silent devotion the students have marveled at and listened to my words, when I demonstrated the anatomy of the human body, the great masterpiece of creation, the image of God. What happened the other day? All my scientific authority was ridiculed and belittled and annihilated and all this in my own lecturing hall! And who did it? A traveling scholar, a heretic with the name Vesalius. His auditorium is now crowded with students and my lecturing hall has become deserted.

Abbess. Is it possible, here in Paris, at the metropolis of the holy France!

Prof. Sylvius. Indeed this stray anatomist, Vesalius, has not only instilled in our medical students the virus of scientific heresy, but he is also a religious heretic, because he has spread among the medical students the blasphemous and anti-religious idea that it is of greater importance to think and investigate and find out the truth than to keep on believing all the time, and he maintains there ought not to be any barriers to thought and investigation. "He," he says, "who still calls a shred of brain his own, ought to think." In such a way that monster of infidelity kept on talking to my students, and turning to me he shouted: "Prof. Sylvius, the anatomy you teach is not the anatomy of the human body, but the anatomy of the dogs and monkeys;

your authority in anatomical matters is the Roman physician, Galenus, who wrote, one thousand years ago, a treatise on anatomy, but who had never dissected a single human corpse; but I have dissected more than one;" and pulling a large bone from under his robe, and brandishing it, he added: "Look here! This is not a bone of a dog or monkey, but a genuine human bone. What we need is a free and untrammelled path for investigation and science!"

Abbess. And the students did not knock down such a devil?

Prof. Sylvius. No, madame, they did not. On the contrary they tendered him an ovation, and shouting at the top of their voices: "Hurrah! a free and untrammelled path for investigation and science!" they left my auditorium to join that stray adventurer, and but few faithful students remained. Vesalius has established a medical class, with the result that his auditorium is crowded with students and mine is deserted.

Abbess. "A free and untrammelled path for investigation," indeed! (*Becrossing herself.*) An untrammelled path to hell and eternal perdition!

Prof. Sylvius. Most certainly, my dear and reverend abbess, but only wait a moment, we ourselves shall soon again see the way clear; all those venomous vermin, the dragon seed of satan, who render the path to heaven unsafe, must be annihilated. Our medical faculty has resolved in secret session to put Vesalius out of the way—that arch-heretic and arch-enemy of religion and legitimate science.

Abbess. (*Looking heavenwards.*) God's blessing gained, all gained!

Prof. Sylvius. Dear Abbess, have you not in your convent something like a dungeon, or an old well or cistern to cage the demon? It ought to be as dark as hell, damp and of a moldy smell, swarming with rats and toads. As I said, an old well.

Abbess. We have; but are you going to cage that monster in this our fold for pious lambs?

Prof. Sylvius. Right here, dear Abbess, is the right place for that arch-fiend of religion and science; elsewhere the students would discover him and set him free; in no event will they suspect him to be here. Those engaged to capture him by night will lower him into the well by a rope, into his prospective grave, and there he will find congenial company in rats, vipers and toads. He will not cause you much trouble, as he ought to be given bread and water but once a day. Before this is lowered to him in a basket, he must be called by name, and the following question put to him: "Vesalius, you arch-fiend of religion and legitimate science, are you ready and prepared to renounce what you have taught, and willing to burn all your manuscripts?"

After he has not had a good night's rest for weeks, being afraid as soon as he falls asleep the rats will gnaw his flesh, and being half starved, then I think he will weaken and repent his sins, and will be ready to renounce his heresies as regards religion and science. Then, dearest Abbess, it will be time to send me word.

Abbess. Monsieur le professeur, would it please you to entrust me with the pious mission of daily calling upon that arch-fiend of the Holy Church?

Prof. Sylvius. Most certainly! That blessed

mission could never be placed in more dignified and trustworthy hands. Well, now let us send up a quiet prayer to implore heaven to help our glorious mission. (*They offer prayer.*)

Prof. Sylvius. Now, reverend Abbess, let us shake hands. Good bye!

Abbess. Good bye, monsieur le professeur. (*To herself.*) I will do my best to gain credit with the highest authority of our Holy Church. What a glorious mission to bring back an apostate to the folds! I will soon curb and humble that anti-Christ. He will have to choose between renouncing and rotting alive. Yet through zeal for heavenly blessings we ought never forget our worldly affairs.

Now I know who bears the name Anastasia, and I will collect my thousand florins in gold. I have made them easily. It is the reward that heaven has dropped into my lap in advance for the glorious missionary work I am going to accomplish upon Vesalius.

(*She opens the door of the adjoining room and looks in.*)

For heaven's sake, how is this? The golden bird is gone, and with him one thousand florins in gold. Now I have lost them as fast as I gained them. Or was all this but an artifice of Satan?

(*She walks up to one of the windows and looks into the street.*)

I declare, there they are, the two birds, Selma and Mr. Anselm, giggling and chatting. How is that! They seem to be old acquaintances. Oh, if they only were in reach of my ear, I think I might hear one thing and another of interest to me. Maybe

Selma is just now disclosing the name of her mistress, Anastasia, to Mr. Anselm, causing me to lose those beautiful golden florins. *Sic transit mundi gloria;* thus passes away the glory of the world. How bold are his manners! Oh, he knows how to manage women! And how daring are her looks! All that will soon come to a sad end! Look there, now those two worldly creatures caress each other. Verily, it is difficult to look at them and not feel also somewhat—eh—ah—somewhat warm and worldly. Well, he can well afford to kiss, making by every kiss more than a florin in gold, and all the comfort of kissing thrown into the bargain!

Oh, if I only had those two worldly creatures under my management, how humble and devout they would grow. And that resurrected creature, Anastasia, as soon as she is landed here she will certainly forget all about resurrection. I will see to that. And, in addition, the other sublime mission has fallen to my share—to have Vesalius, the arch-heretic, under my control! It seems to me as if all those apostates hail from the same nest. Well, I do not care to look any longer at those *enfants terribles*, as one grows to feel after a time somewhat worldly, remembering bygone days.

Now I will see that a proper place is prepared for Anastasia, and for that awful monster, Vesalius. Maybe we will succeed in caging those two infidel birds there yonder; then we would have a whole bunch of heretics, *ad majorem dei gloriam*, for the greater glory of God. Oh, I will not be slow as soon as Vesalius is landed in the old well. They will capture him by night at his home, and as soon as the

arch-fiend, donned in the red hood with red plumes, is dumped into the well, I will have my fun. What a comfort, what a blessing of the Lord, to have the very devil at the bottom of that well, and to have that devil under full control!

SCENE V.

Sylvia's Monologue, later Selma, then Professor Sylvius, last Vesalius.

Sylvia. Be still my poor heart, thy struggle will soon be o'er. Where may he be, the great and enduring hero? With him all the sunshine of my soul is gone, and my heart pines like a flower without light. Only once more would I listen to his voice before my poor heart comes to a standstill. Why does not grim death mow me down with one single stroke of his mighty scythe! Why does he steal so slowly upon my life that flickers as poorly as a dying light. The crimson current of my life-blood is ebbing cheerlessly through my veins and despair is hovering over my soul like a black cloud. The flow of his words would instill new life into me and all my griefs would come to a sudden end; for the fountain head of my life is not yet languished. It is but overwhelmed with grief. Where art thou, Vesalius? My heart is longing for you! Oh, how I do suffer!

(*Selma, the maid of Sylvia, enters.*)

Selma. You are brooding again over frightful thoughts and the lustre of your eyes has faded away, telling of the intense agony of your soul.

Sylvia. No one shall succeed in burying me alive behind the walls of a convent.

Selma. Take courage, dear *Sylvia*, I am with you, and as long as I have breath no one shall dare harm you.

Sylvia. I know that if I do not allow them to bury me alive behind the walls of a convent, they will force me into it.

Selma. You are sick in body and soul, and you need the counsel and aid of a physician.

Sylvia. There is no physician who could alleviate my agony.

Selma. You need more strength; you are too weak to take to flight.

Sylvia. Oh, if I only knew the abode of Vesalius! He is the only one who could give comfort to my poor suffering soul.

Selma. Take the advice of a physician as to what you must do to gain strength; as soon as you have strength enough we will set out to find the abode of Vesalius. I implore you to get medical advice, otherwise they will choose a physician for you and then they will take you forcibly to the convent.

Sylvia. Well, do what you think is best; though I know for certain that no physician is able to help me. You good soul ought to have the satisfaction of having done everything in your power to comfort me!

Selma. Oh, how happy you make me! I will start at once and get a physician, who, I believe, is able to give you good medical advice. (*The bell rings.*) That is your uncle, Professor *Sylvius*. Pray tell him that you are going to send for a physician. (*Prof. Sylvius enters.*)

Prof. Sylvius. God bless you, *Sylvia*. You need some blessing badly. The Abbess in the convent of the Carmelite nuns has told me that sickness prevents you from entering the convent this week. Well, are you really suffering, or is it solely your aim to defer inauguration as much as possible? I myself am of the opinion that you ought to make a start with the repenting and expunging of your sins, as it will take you a long time to expiate your sins sufficiently to save you from eternal perdition. I shall send for a physician to ascertain that you are not suffering bodily, but that your soul has been poisoned by the unsound teachings of the heretics. No physician is able to cure such poisoning of the soul. In such cases only the means of grace of the Holy Church are efficient remedies.

Sylvia. I have already made up my mind to see a physician and hear what he has to say about my condition.

Prof. Sylvius. Then please do not forget to tell him that you must be improved sufficiently inside this week to be able to enter the convent next week, where the nuns will continue the treatment. They understand much better curing the souls of the wicked, and the Abbess has no equal in treating with the best results people who are suffering from irreligious notions. Therefore you ought to hurry and enter that sanitarium for heretics as soon as possible.

Sylvia. I shall never enter a convent.

Prof. Sylvius. In such a case we shall be compelled to have you taken there by force.

Sylvia. I prefer death to entering a convent.

Prof. Sylvius. I do not wonder that you prefer eternal perdition to the salvation of your heretical soul, but we will save you from eternal perdition without your consent. You will soon hear from me. God bless you. (*He departs. Selma enters.*)

Selma. Now it is high time for you to see a physician.

Sylvia. In my case all medical skill is in vain.

Selma. Perhaps it is not.

Sylvia. Well, I will agree to see a physician to afford your heart every chance of comforting me.

(*Selma exits.*)

Sylvia. I am doomed. My fate will have its fulfilment; there is no escape. I know that I am already a captive, though they try to conceal the fact. My uncle is as fanatical and merciless as my father. There is but one who could extricate me from my perilous situation, but no one knows of his whereabouts. Oh, worse than that, nobody knows whether he is still among the living. Vesalius! Vesalius! The agony of my soul is unbearable. If I knew that you were gone—you, who owns my soul and in whom my whole existence centers, I should not hesitate for one moment to throw away my miserable existence, like a useless and unbearable burden, and follow you into death. My wounds are fatal, no physician is able to make them heal. (*The bell rings and Selma enters.*)

Selma. The physician has arrived. Has he permission to walk in?

Sylvia. Let me have a moment's time to collect myself. I think I had better not see the physician.

Selma. You make me unhappy.

Sylvia. (*Determined.*) If such be the case, let him walk in. (*Vesalius enters.*)

Sylvia. Vesalius! dear Vesalius!

Yes. (*Embracing Sylvia.*) My own dear *Sylvia*!

Sylvia. Oh, how much better I feel already! You are the only physician able to give me relief.

Yes. Thou sweet star, no one but you could comfort my soul, suffering with fatal agony. Already new life pulses through my veins.

Sylvia. When we parted from each other at Louvaine your life was endangered every hour, and my father had made preparations to imprison me in a convent. Up till now my uncle, Professor Sylvius, has not succeeded in burying me alive within the walls of a convent, but they are just about to take me there by force; here, in the very last moment, you, my friend Vesalius, appear as my liberator.

Yes. What do you say? Professor Sylvius is your uncle? Well, take courage, *Sylvia*. That perfidious fanatic shall not succeed in imprisoning you for life in a convent nor in throwing me into the old cistern at the convent.

Sylvia. What is the matter, Vesalius! You make me tremble. Are they again plotting against your life?

Yes. It is your uncle, Prof. Sylvius, who in his religious frenzy tries to imprison you in the cell of a convent, and it is he, who, as an orthodox and fanatical believer in the old anatomical school of Galenus, tries to have me thrown into an old well to compel me to renounce my teachings, or, at any rate, to put me out of his way.

Sylvia. And you think we shall be able to escape our awful fate?

Yes. Only by betakiug ourselves to speedy flight may we make good our escape.

Sylvia. There is no escape for me from this house, as I am strictly watched.

Yes. Then you will have to leave it in the guise of death.

Sylvia. Oh, if there be still a hope of rescue!

Yes. The only way is that you allow me to have you buried alive.

Sylvia. It seems everybody is bent upon burying me alive, even you, dear friend Vesalius.

Yes. (*Placing his hands on her shoulders.*) It is but for a short time. After that, Anastasia will resurrect forever and go with me to Switzerland. By night I am not safe for a moment, and may expect at any time to be surprised and made a prisoner. By day they do not dare harm me, as the majority of the students are on my side and would prevent any violence. Dear Anselm insists upon exchanging our hoods, to mislead the mob hired by our enemies, but thus it might happen that instead of me he may be captured.

Here, dear *Sylvia*, is a vial, the contents of which will be sufficient to put you in a state of apparent death. They will think that in your state of despondency you have with your own hands put an end to your sufferings, but your uncle has enough prominence and authority to make the people believe that paralysis of the heart has caused your death. He has reasons for making it appear that way in order to avoid the disgrace a case of suicide would bring upon his family, and in order to secure for you a decent burial in consecrated ground in the sepulchre

of his family. Down there, dear *Sylvia*, in the late hours of the night, I shall revive you. Anselm and Selma know all about it, and will do all they can to make our plan a success. As soon as you are revived, we will, right from the tomb, direct our steps towards Switzerland. Do not forget that when I come to relieve the fetters with which your nerves have been bound by the grim poison imported from the newly discovered world, the word that will free you will be "Anastasia." In this way we whisper the name of one who is asleep into his ear to awaken him gently. I shall whisper this word into your ear, as there is no other way to remove the spell by which your vitality is bound, as the awakening must start from the centers of life of the one who is in such a trance.

Sylvia. And if I should not hear you call and not wake up again?

Yes. For heaven's sake do not speak such fearful words, each of them paralyzes every thought of mine and brings my brain near to madness.

Sylvia. Do not be afraid, *Vesalius*. Even then, should I not awake, I am thine. Dead and alive. My trance, I presume, would not last very long, and then eternal slumber would overwhelm me. Without hesitation and without fear I shall empty the contents of this vial, and, as you tell me, all power to move my limbs or any muscle will be lost while my consciousness will remain. Then I shall be conscious of being buried alive in that tomb and of resting between the defunct members of the *Sylvius* family, and under the influence of that dismal draught, until you, my liberator, appear to awaken me. You must

not forget the word that relieves my spell-bound condition, for I am not yet prepared to sleep forever, as I have to assist you, and wish to admire your future magnificent career, when the rising star of your life will speed along like a glaring and brilliant comet in its extraordinary and wonderful path. Indeed, I wish to witness your splendid victory in time to come; and it is hard for me to be buried alive at the very moment we have just been united.

My kindest regards to our good and true friend, Anselm. I am confident it is his generous and untiring care to which I owe the fact that I have found you again.

(*Selma appears, giving a sign of warning. Vesalius embraces Sylvia and leaves.*)

SCENE VI.

Family Sepulchre of Professor Sylvius—Sylvia in an Open Coffin—Vesalius.

(*Vesalius entering the vault.*)

Ves. Now, dear Sylvia, I am coming to remove the bonds with which that awful draught has chained your vitality. Wake up dear Sylvia and let us take to flight. I see you cannot yet arouse yourself. All thy nervous strength has become exhausted by the awful mental agony thou hast suffered.

Well, rest a little longer. Oh, what a blissful sensation to doze in half consciousness, when the remembrance of all that we have suffered vanishes! Floating on the ethereal sea of dreamy consciousness,

hazy phantoms fit about us and any messages from the outside world, urging admission at the gates of our mind, dissolve into an accord of the sweetest harmony, into a blissful trance.

Dear Sylvia, do not hurry to return to the rough, realistic world! Do rest thyself a little more, dear comrade, who has stood devotedly on my side in all those days of affliction! Rest and comfort thy tortured soul, for I hope the time will soon come when I shall be able to comfort you.

How slowly her chest is heaving, at such long intervals, as if life were ebbing away! How is this! Suddenly a sensation of deadly fear is creeping over me, lest that crimson current of blood that courses through her veins may suddenly stop and that wonderful heart come to a standstill, and—standstill—means—death! Death! I say. The mere thought of it benights my mind.

No, Sylvia, thou canst not die without taking me unto death. Pale like death is thy face, white as marble are thy hands! Oh, dear Sylvia, speak but a single word to me to end my agony! Are thy hands so cold as they look? I dare not touch them, as a sudden touch might shock your worn out nerves and throw out of gear the delicate mechanism of thy soul. How is it that such a frightful feeling steals, over and over again, upon my agonized mind!

Look! her chest does not heave any longer! Sylvia, dear Sylvia, wake up! Open thy eyes and let those bright stars light the darkness that creeps into my soul! (*Louder.*) Sylvia, dear Sylvia, wake up! (*Taking hold of one of her hands.*) How cold, how lifeless, no throbs of life! What

have I done! Have I killed her! My mind becomes confused, my memory a blank! What word was I to utter to break the spell with which the fatal draught has bound her? Only through the ear can the saving word reach her mind. There is no other means to revive the life that has been smothered by the venom of the Indian arrow poison. And when I stop to think that this devilish drug paralyzes only the movements of the muscles, while consciousness fully remains, I shudder at the thought that she whom I love above all others hears every word I utter and suffers with me all my unspeakable agony, my untold misery, and is waiting in vain for the redeeming word!

My soul is imbued with darkness, and the demon of wildest despair takes hold of me, whispering into my ear:

“Thou hast poisoned the queen of thy own heart!”

Oh, Sylvia, if there is one spark of life left within thee, let me die! It is I who deserves hundred fold, thousand fold death! Let me kiss death from your lips, Anastasia!

(*He kisses her, Sylvia opens her eyes and stretches lovingly her arms unto Vesalius.*)

Sylvia. At last you have uttered the word “Anastasia,” unbinding the spell! How invigorated I feel! How happy I am! What a delight it is to me to have been restored to you! What a blessing to be once more united with you, Vesalius.

(*She descends from the coffin and holds out her arms towards Vesalius, who embraces and kisses her. At the same moment the cry of a screech-owl is heard.*)

Ves. The cry of an owl; friend Anselm is coming. I hope without a dismal owl-message. (*Anselm enters.*)

Ans. Master Vesalius, I am glad that the resurrection has been a success, for it is high time to start for Switzerland. I have just learned that at daybreak the workingmen will be here to seal the coffin. They are going to solder the lid, and that would have made resurrection a rather difficult undertaking. (*Approaching Sylvia.*) Good morning, I trust that you have had a good rest and a happy resurrection! How to die is soon learned, without any aid or skill, but the re-awakening needs the master hand of Master Vesalius.

Sylvia. Dear friend Anselm, you are always ready and prepared for a joke; even at a time of affliction, and in the tomb.

Ans. That stands to reason, for I have abided more in tombs and underground, more with the dead than with the living. (*Pointing to the coffin.*) I would like to lie down in such a chest and take a good rest, but the church charges such a big rent for such a small house, and will not even tell us how long we will be allowed to sleep there before the bugle of the last judgment day toots us up. (*Turning to Vesalius.*) Master Vesalius, I warn you not to go back to your residence, as the myrmidons of the medical priesthood are after you, trying to capture you and take you to the convent of the Carmelite nuns. There they would have you find out the depth of the well in the yard of the convent. There at the bottom of the cistern you would at any rate be somewhat nearer the purgatory, while from

above, the devil's grandmother, the abbess, standing at the opening of the well, would raise hell for you by her endeavors to convert you.

You had better start right here for Switzerland, and it will be a good plan if you hand me over your red hood with the blue feather. Do not trouble about your manuscripts. I will pack them up most carefully and take good care of them. Now, good bye, Master Vesalius, till we meet again in Switzerland. (*Turning to Sylvia.*) I wish you good speed, Anastasia. Shall I tell the abbess at the nunnery of the Carmelite nuns that you thankfully decline her motherly care and her endeavors to save you from eternal perdition, and that Master Vesalius does not show any inclination to take up his quarters at the bottom of the well?

Vesalius and Sylvia. Good bye, dear friend Anselm, and au revoir in Switzerland. (*They leave.*)

Ans. Well, now I must straighten up the resurrection stage. First thing I must put this lid on the coffin, lest the working men see that the bird has left her nest and the cage is empty. (*He has a hard job to lift the heavy coffin lid and close the coffin.*) Such a heavy metal lid makes the resurrection business rather a hard job; such a coffin is expensive, and thus it costs nearly as much to get into purgatory as it costs to get out of it. The wreaths I will replace on top of the coffin; the more empty a shrine the more ornamental the paraphernalia should be. How many wreaths of sterling gold and silver men place before the holy of the holiest as a dedication to the unknown! It is considered to be a capital sin to enter the holy of the

holiest, and the *sacreligious* intruder is put to death, lest he may tell the outsiders that there is nothing in the holy of the holiest.

The secret mongers, decorated with gold and tawdry, make the crowd gape, hope and believe, and then it is time to fleece the flock. Unsound doctrines are clothed in a solemn garb and paraded with pomp and great ostentation, until they appear to be profound truth. A thick, sticky and sweet paste applied to the minds of the crowd draws blisters on the brains of the credulous and gives one full sway over their minds.

Here is the wreath given by the abbess; she is now in deep and genuine mourning, for she has lost, first of all, one thousand florins of gold, and, in addition, a lady and gentleman victim, both of whom she was going to torture and convert. Anastasia and Vesalius have escaped her blessed motherly love. This is the flower token of the old grinnish, skinny, sheep-skin Professor Sylvius, who is now in a dilemma because his time is over for constantly rehashing his stale anatomical pap as regards the anatomy of dogs and monkeys and serving it to his medical students as the genuine article of scientific nectar and ambrosia. He has met his master in Vesalius, and in his attempt to dump Master Vesalius into that old cistern he has struck a snag in Mr. Anselm.

And here is the wreath dedicated by Selma, my little sweetheart. Her wreath comes from a pure and good heart, and it does her, and me also, much credit, for we have cured our two patients, Anastasia and Vesalius, of their great grief.

Oh, as soon as I meet my sweetheart again, in Switzerland, I must tell her how much I have to tell her even although I have forgotten nearly all about it. Still I will remember that she is my honey. I will twist a knot in my handkerchief lest I forget to tell her how much I love her. As soon as Master Vesalius is to have the sailor's knot tied, I will do likewise if I do not forget it. (*He pulls his handkerchief, twisted into many knots, out of his pocket.*) Half a dozen knots are already here and I do not know what a single one has been made to remind me of.

But now I will hurry and pack up Master Vesalius' manuscripts, and secure them, and then I will slip into his bed in order that the hirelings may at least find the would-be Vesalius to take him to the convent.

At any rate I must be captured, and very likely more or less killed, in order that Master Vesalius and Anastasia may gain a good start in their escape to Switzerland. But now it strikes me that I cannot afford to be killed, for I not only have to pack up and secure the manuscripts of Master Vesalius, but I have to hand them over to him.

Hem! they might kill me, even although I cannot well afford it! By Jove! now I have got it. If they crowd on me and show too great fondness for killing me, then I will throw my bag containing half a bushel of letters of indulgence among the mob, and, while they exchange fisticuffs and black-eye each other, I may be able to make good my escape.

At the time I bought those letters of indulgence at Cologne from Tetzel the idea struck me that it was

a good plan to have at all times some indulgences in stock. What a motherly care the holy church takes of her black and scabby sheep! Alas! there is a hitch in the business. If one of the mob happens to catch a letter of indulgence for murder, then he will kill me outright, because he has the privilege, holding a letter of indulgence in his hands. And the others? They will kill me without a privilege. I think that means too much being killed at one time.

I think I shall have to behave like a man who is going to be killed with or without a privilege. It won't take me long to get into that well, and down to the bottom of it; but how my anatomy will fare, that is another question! If my frame does not drop to pieces I think for a while I shall be well off at the bottom of that old cistern, and have a calling acquaintance with the rats and toads that are swarming there, and meanwhile Master Vesalius will get a good start. And while there I shall have leisure to think about how to again get out.

As a matter of course I shall show no fight in order to land at least only half dead at the bottom of the well. There I am safer than anywhere else.

But for heaven's sake, I must hurry; otherwise I shall miss one of the very best opportunities of getting killed. (*He goes.*)

SCENE VII.

Yard of the Convent of the Carmelite Nuns by Night. Anselm, a Mob, Dominican Monk.

(*Wild and confused clamour is heard and gradually grows more distinctly audible, a mob with torches appears and in their midst is Anselm, donned with a red hood and feathers of the same color, and a rope around his neck.*)

One of the Mob. Now we have got that gallow bird and we will cage him in that cistern. Let us lower him down to the bottom of the well.

Another One. No, ceremonies with a heretic! Kick him down!

The First. No, that won't do; we have got the order and are paid for it to deliver the man alive at the place of his destination. Take the shackles from his hands and stop choking him! Let him take a breath!

Ans. (*Taking a good breath.*) "We have got him," you bandits! Who have you got; did you really get the right man? No, you did not. Are you not ashamed of yourselves for not having rightly done the job for which you were hired and paid? I am not the man you were ordered to catch. You have got the wrong man!

One of the Gang. You are the right man. You wear a red hood with red feathers and we have dragged you out of bed in the very house that was pointed out to us.

Ans. But I am not Vesalius, for whom you went.

My name is Anselm. Here it is engraved on the metal plate of my belt.

The Former Speaker of the Gang. (Looking at the plate. Proudly.) I am able to read. The man is right. His name is Anselm. He is not Vesalius, for whom we were sent out. I think it best to let him go.

(At that moment the Dominican monk rushes up, wildly gesticulating.)

Monk. What the hell do you say? Let him go! I say dump him down into the well.

He is one of the worst heretics,
An investigator and a violator of religion.
He complains of the yoke imposed by the church;
Down with him to the bottom of the well,
The deeper and darker so much the better!
Down there among the rats and toads,
Tortured the while by physical and mental agony,
And unable to be reached by the hand of a friend,
His stubborn mind will soon soften.
Don't hesitate, don't shrink back,
Take hold of him, collar him;
He has been caught with his red hood on.
Birds of the same feather are flocking together.
The saying goes, as regards to such rogues,
They went together and were caught and will be hanged together.
Put the rope 'round his neck
And swing the hell-hound down into the pit.

(They seize Anselm and put him in the basket that is suspended from a rope fastened at the gallows-shaped beam over the opening of the well.)

Ans. (Standing in the basket, turning toward the monk.)

You damned hell-hound,
You are bound for the pit!
God himself must hold his sides with laughing,
Seeing how you priests command and wink at
Selling indulgence of murder and arson,
And calling yourselves servants of God.
To keep your fat belly together,
Stuffed out with roast meat, hot and cold,
You wear a rope around your gizzard;
Without that rope I bet five pennies
All your stuffing would burst and go to the devil.
What is your doing? To gluttonize and to tipple,
To wave the beggar's bag and peddle indulgence.
A rope around your neck would suit you
And be at the same time for me a rare treat.
You are a damned, begging friar,
An infamous spy and a tool of the Inquisition.
All you do is fraud and imposition.
The Dominican monk, Torquemada,
Has heaped ridicule and everlasting infamy upon your order,
By sketching the statutes of the Inquisition.
You are murdering and disgracing the human mind.

The Monk. Down! down with him to hell!!
(*Anselm is let down to the bottom of the well.*)
Now let us catch the other bird with the blue hood
and the blue feathers.

(*The crowd, including the Dominican friar, leave the yard of the convent, then the loud hallooing voice of Anselm is heard from the bottom of the well.*)

Ans. Help! Murder!

(*A nun rushes up to the opening of the well.*)

Nun. Hello! You must keep still down there,
and are not allowed to speak until you are asked.

Ans. Why don't you ask me?

Nun. If you do not keep very quiet, I'll let the water into the well until you are standing in the water up to your neck.

Ans. Holy sister, perform no ceremonies. I do not need a bath, nor any refreshment. But I am longing for the reverend abbess. Please tell her that I am not Vesalius, but the one-thousand-gold-florin man.

Nun. I will call the abbess.

(*Pause, then the abbess appears and calls down into the well.*) Vesalius, you heretic and despiser of the holy church and of science, are you ready to renounce all that you have taught and burn all your scriptures?

Ans. Bless the Lord! I am not Vesalius; I am the one-thousand-gold-florin man. You have thrown one thousand florins in gold into the well. Please order that I may be pulled up as quickly as possible, mater reverendissima.

Abbess. (Turning to the nun.) Call for assistance. (The nun rings a bell and half a dozen nuns appear.) Do pull that man up out of the well. He does not deserve to be down there.

(*The nuns lower the basket which is fastened to the rope, and start to pull Anselm up, who as soon as he gets sight of the nuns says:*) "Well done, you are performing a work that will please the Lord, because you are pulling up the one-thousand-gold-florin man. Ah, there you are, my dear abbess! I suppose you remember that I offered to pay you one thousand florins in gold as a reward provided you could tell me the abode of Miss Anastasia?" (Meanwhile Anselm swings himself to the floor of the

yard.) Well, now I am standing on terra firma and we'll soon cut down my transactions to a fine point.

Abbess. Now I am able to tell you the abode of Anastasia.

Ans. What a pity that I know that Anastasia is living at the residence of her uncle and guardian, Professor Sylvius.

Abbess. Then my thousand florins in gold are still in the well.

Ans. But I am not there any more. But say, dear Abbess, I met a most peculiar set of company in the well.

Abbess. Very likely the company of rats and toads.

Ans. Plenty of them! but also a good many baby skeletons, and all of them the size of a new born babe.

Abbess. How did they get there! That's a trick of the devil.

Ans. The devil is quite innocent of that! Those poor creatures were not born there, but were made angels. Perhaps that well is the dumping ground for the babies born in this nunnery?

Abbess. *Sacre de bleu, voila le satan!* (She be-crosses herself.)

Ans. Maybe so, but I am innocent of those baby skeletons.

Abbess. Now you will have to wait here until I send for monsieur le professeur Sylvius, who has made it a point to pass upon such affairs.

Ans. Professor Sylvius is an expert on the bones of dogs and monkeys, but he does not understand anything about human bones.

Abbess. At any rate Professor Sylvius will have to decide what shall become of your anatomy.

Ans. Oh, I remember. It was he who ordered Master Vesalius to be thrown into the well and told you to take him under your blessed care. But I have no time to wait here longer. I have told the medical students that either Vesalius or I would be captured and taken to your convent and dumped into the well. The students will soon be here, lots of them, and they will have to decide the matter. Dear Abbess, remember the iconoclasts at Ghent; if you try to interfere with my personal liberty they will set the red hood on the roof of your convent and burn down this devil's nest.

Abbess. (*Becrossing herself.*) Sister doorkeeper, open the gate and let this devil out as quickly as possible.

Ans. (*Doffing his hood.*) Thank you, my dear lady. Good-bye!

ACT III.

SCENE I.

*Scene on the Border of the River Rhine Above
Basel in Switzerland. Vesalius,
later Anselm.*

Ves. What a heavenly comfort! Up till now I have been weighed down by the oppressive atmosphere of the grave vault; here I indulge in an invigorating air I have never breathed before. It flows from the summits of a free country—mountains towering into the heavens. My eyes, tired and worn by the light of a smoldering and flickering candle, enjoy now the glorious sunlight. How its beams dash through the air and animate mind and body! And there yonder are the emerald waters of the Rhine, clear like crystal, and, high above me, much higher than in my native country, arches the dome of the holy temple of nature.

Emerging from the dismal vaults of the graveyard, where for years and years I carried on my anatomical researches, I am now favored at merely looking to the lofty azure vault of the skies. There, was the dim and unsteady light of the tallow-dip; here, the brilliant orb sends its beaming and life-giving shafts into my very soul, which has been and always will be longing for light. Indeed, I am comforted as I have never been comforted before. Here, I glory in the pure air, in the heavenly light, and drink, in large draughts, the sweetest and most powerful elixir of life—liberty!

In my ill-fated native country, the Netherlands, the fields are devastated, the crops trampled under foot like weeds by the armies of the most Christian emperor, Charles V.

Christians are fighting Christians and both parties offer up prayers to the all-good Lord to assist them in their mutual butcheries. What a blasphemy! The earth is steaming with the life-blood of men fighting for the glory of the Lord, and the soil smells with murder. Here I am greeted with orchards, plentiful with fruit, by luxuriant crops, by the enchanting verdure of the vineyards, and by the fragrance of sunny meadows.

There the thunder of the howitzers and the rumbling of musketry is heard, and the field snakes and other hellish machines belch and bellow; while here in this benighted land but the roar and thunder of thunderstorms and mighty waterfalls is heard. There, spies and sycophants are rampant; here I meet everywhere men bold and straightforward. There I consorted with bats and toads; here the eagle soars in lofty and sunny heights, and fleetly chamois dare any danger for freedom's sake.

Here it is delightful to live, here I would like to make my abode. How heart and soul expand in such surroundings!

The foundation stone of my career is laid, my auditorium is crowded with students of every age, with youths and with men in office and high positions, my reputation is spreading fast and soon my anatomical plates, the result of untiring investigation, will be published.

The high schools and universities of Switzerland

send forth enlightenment into those countries where the people are still languishing in disgraceful religious bondage. Zwingli, the reformatory beacon light of Switzerland, and Luther, the reformatory firebrand there yonder in Germany, aided by the magnificent scholar, Melanchthon, shake the time-honored foundations of the Church. (*Anselm enters.*)

Ans. I greet you with all my heart, Master Vesalius. I have just arrived at Basel, coming from Paris, and I was told that you had gone out for a nice walk along the bank of the Rhine.

Yes. My hearty welcome to you, friend Anselm. How glad I am to see you again!

Ans. I am rather late, as I had some business transactions in a well at Paris.

Yes. How is that, friend Anselm?

Ans. As I had anticipated, they were after you, Master Vesalius. The same night you left for Switzerland, soon after midnight, when I had hardly finished carefully packing up and securing your manuscripts, there was a knock at the door of your home where I had taken quarters. Ere I found time to say "Come in," the door was smashed to pieces and the hirelings came in. There was not much ceremony, they pulled me out of bed, shoved your purple velvet hood with the red feather, which I had exchanged with you for my red hood, on my head and put a neat piece of rope around my neck. I think I looked rather funny, though dressed in the latest Parisian fashion. Donned in a purple velvet hood, adorned with nodding feathers, and enshrouded in my night-gown, barefooted and around my neck a solid piece of neckwear made of hemp, I was made

to strut along to the convent of the Carmelite nuns. I think that guyrope was to prevent me from missing my way; and all this was meant for you, Master Vesalius, for the purple velvet hood and the red feather made them believe that they had caught the right bird. My hempen necktie did not allow me to cut any capers, because as soon as I tried to walk as I liked the neckwear would get very tight and I myself become short-winded.

As soon as they had landed me at the opening of the cistern, and were about to inaugurate me as a Cisterniense friar, I showed them the plate of my belt, with my name engraved thereon, telling them that they had caught the wrong man. They were just about to let me go, when that wicked old begging friar from Louvaine jumped out of the crowd, like a wounded bear, and denounced me as a heretic. Now, of course, I went down to the bottom of the cistern without any stopovers. How I got out of that well again, and out of that nunnery, I will tell you at another time. I think here in Switzerland we are at the right place; a great number of students at Paris will come to Basel to attend your lectures on anatomy. At Louvaine, that hotbed of priestcraft, the number of students is dwindling. The noblemen in the Netherlands are going to the highschools and universities of Switzerland, from whence they import a good many new religious notions into their native country. The same is the case with the merchants and traveling tradesmen devoted to the new gospel; they gather at the great emporiums of commerce, at Antwerp and Amsterdam, and the large number of Swiss and German mercenary troops,

which the emperor, Charles V, is constantly amassing in the Netherlands, carry another lot of heresy there. And how many refugees from Germany, France and England emigrate to the Netherlands! They leave their native countries to enjoy the free constitution of Flandern and Brabant, and the wonderful invention of the art of printing does the rest.

Especially in Flandern is industry and hustle and bustle considered to be a virtue. Therefore, not only the order of the begging friars, but also any order leading an idle life, as all the friars do, is rather disliked. In this respect the new heretical creed, which sets the people against popery and the idleness of the religious orders, is favored by the crowd.

Yes. Indeed the number of people converted to the new creed is considerable, especially in the Northern provinces, but the new gospel is more extensively met with among the foreigners gathering at Brussels and at Antwerp than among the people of the Netherlands.

Ans. But the number of leaflets of the most bitter satire increases every day, and there are plenty of itinerary bands of orators who expose the shortcomings of the church in songs and theatrical farces, thus lowering the authority of the church and preparing the soil for the new tenets.

Yes. But we should never forget that the emperor, Charles V, has not been educated by priests but by gentlemen like *Croy* and *Chievre*; the emperor prefers tournaments and knightly tilts to religious exercises of penitence. As a rule he must of course take the part of the church and try to hem in

the tide of the reform movement by the most powerful means and measures. Unfortunately the power is with the enemies of the new gospel.

Small wonder that after the church has domineered over and enthralled the human mind for centuries the tidal wave for free thought breaks through all dikes and embankments, and, overflowing its natural channel, endangers the legitimate rights of the rulers and destroys time-honored institutions.

The booklets and leaflets spread broadcast through Europe not only teach the truth but at the same time foster fanaticism, forcing our good cause into the channels of rebellion.

Ans. One cannot bring about a thorough change of the rottenness of the church by means of kid gloves. The more violent the means supplied by the emperor, or any other ruling power, the more the impetuosity of the mighty current of the new thought increases, as such a current has an elementary power. Wise concessions of the emperor, granting more freedom of thought and belief, would regulate the impetuosity of that powerful current.

Yes. Luther denies indulgence and worship of the saints, but any criminal that breaks into a church or convent and steals the sacred vessels from the altar is called a Lutheran. Small wonder that a party that is constantly represented to the emperor as subversive is prosecuted and threatened with annihilation, for the church is always the principal support of every ruler.

Ans. But to the country there yonder, to Germany, the emperor has granted a good deal of religious liberty, and why does he not do the same with

our native country, the Netherlands? There, over the Rhine, in Germany, the emperor has made liberal concessions as regards the new creed; for the German princes resisted any kind of reprisals; but, at the same time, in the Netherlands, in Brabant as well as in Flandern, the emperor persecutes the new gospel by the most cruel edicts. In the last edict he forbids the people to read the Evangelists and the Apostles; in addition he forbids all public and secret meetings and all conversation at home, even at dinner, relating to religion. In all the provinces of the Netherlands tribunals have been established to see that those edicts are strictly observed. Any one who harbors an opinion favoring the new creed loses his position or degree, and he who has been proved guilty of having spread heresy, or having attended a meeting of heretics, is condemned to death, male heretics being beheaded and women buried alive, while refractory heretics are put at the stake. Even the recanting of the heretic does not save his life, the death sentence being irrevocable; he who foreswears his new creed gets the mere advantage of being put to death "*in a milder way.*"

I am of the opinion that the emperor is a cunning rascal and perhaps a Jesuit. Contrary to law all that the delinquent possesses is confiscated by the government. And is it not a most precious law that a citizen of Holland shall not be indicted by a court outside of a province within which the accused is born, yet they take him outside the limits of his birthplace and have him sentenced by an outlandish tribunal.

It is the church that guides the arm of the hang-

man, and what is considered a time-honored law by the secular courts is trampled upon by the despotism of the church.

It is true that the emperor manages in Germany religious affairs in a more considerate way, but it is equally true that his military success in Germany has made him bold enough to introduce the Spanish Inquisition into the Netherlands.

Yes. You mean the ecclesiastical tribunals?

Ans. Oh, that name is nothing but a disguise, because Antwerp became alarmed by the mere word, "Inquisition," to such a degree that all the commerce of that great emporium came to a standstill, the richest and most prominent merchants made up their minds to leave the city, real estate became depreciated and commercial transactions were reduced to such a degree that financial ruin stared into the face of her inhabitants, causing the big current of gold that flowed from Antwerp into the emperor's coffers to shrink considerably.

This fact caused the emperor to follow the advice of the governor Margareth and to give orders to the Blood-Tribunal to be more lenient with foreign merchants and to act under the name of ecclesiastical courts and not under the name of the Inquisition, but in the provinces the Blood-Tribunals, as they are called by the people, act under the genuine name, and, indeed, with unheard of despotism and the most fanatical cruelty, more than thirty thousand persons having already fallen victims.

Yes. That is true, but the other party has raised the question who it is that has made the commerce of the Netherlands as great as it is at the present

time. They say it is the wonderful strength and power of Charles V.'s government that overawes all other nations, that has opened all harbors to the merchant ships of the Netherlands, and that has procured the most favorable commercial treaties for her with all nations. For that reason the commercial power of the *Hansa* has been broken down, and all countries are ruled by this mighty monarch. Spain and Germany and Italy and the New World and the East Indies have been opened to the commerce of the Netherlands.

The emperor has united Burgundy and six provinces with the Netherlands, and thereby has placed the latter in the same rank with the other European powers, thus flattering the national pride and at the same time putting an end to the everlasting warfare between the provinces, which had been for so many years a great drawback to commercial success. Now they enjoy undisturbed the fruits of peaceful commerce and consider the emperor their benefactor. The glory of his many victories, the splendor of his unlimited power, suggests his invincleness; he who has been victorious in Germany, France, Italy, Africa and in the East and West Indies! All nations admire him, and you know that a ruler who is admired may allow himself a great deal.

In addition we should not forget that the emperor, Charles V, was born and raised in the Netherlands; he speaks the tongue of that country; he likes the manners and customs of the Netherlandish people. He likes their genuine ways of sociability, as they afford him relaxation after suffering under the burden and strain of Spanish etiquette, that has estab-

lished a barrier between the people and its ruler, and which is jealously upheld. At Madrid, grave and haughty courtiers block the way of the people who try to get admission to their sovereign, but not so at Brussels. In the Netherlands the emperor speaks the same tongue as the people, he is amiable, he regulates his private life according to the customs of the country and keeps up a pleasant and obliging conversation, thus making plenty of friends and admirers among the people.

Ans. Nothing but jugglery! While he is performing these diplomatic tricks his armies trample down the crops of the country and his greedy hands are reaching out to grasp all the gold treasured by the commercial activity of our people at Antwerp, at Brussels and at Ghent, with which to pay the spies he has in every civilized country at the courts of the sovereigns and elsewhere.

For that very reason we are not safe here from the bloodhounds of the Inquisition; not even here.

Yes. Do you not think, friend Anselm, that you sometimes see phantoms?

Ans. Phantoms, Master Vesalius? The spies of the Inquisition are romping everywhere.

Yes. But there are no spies to be found in these delightfully lonely surroundings!

Ans. Why not? Just now I heard a suspicious noise in the water.

Yes. Maybe a fish or a frog?

Ans. (*Stepping near the water's edge.*) Here is an oar floating in the water, where is the skiff it belongs to, and where is the boatman? (*He picks up the oar and with it brushes aside the reeds.*) Well,

I thought so! There, half-way hidden by the reeds, lies flat on his back at the bottom of a skiff that old crocodile of a Dominican monk, indulging in eavesdropping. (*Anselm lifts high the oar for a heavy blow.*) Here, you damned old crocodile, take this on installment for your kindness shown me in the yard of the convent of the Carmelite nuns at Paris. (*Meanwhile Vesalius has jumped to his feet and has stepped near to the water edge of the Rhine.*)

Ans. I have missed him, quick as a monkey the old crocodile jumped out of the craft into the water and now he swims along as agile as an otter. (*Anselm picks up a boulder and flings it after the monk.*) Look, there he dives like a duck and disappears beneath the water; he is the very devil, you can't get at him. Lo and behold, there, yonder, he shows up again! Such a distance he has been swimming beneath the water! And now he strikes out with all his might! Indeed, the devil swims like a god! He will soon reach the German shore. The bloodhound of the Inquisition keeps close on our track! Master Vesalius, perhaps you, too, believe in the omnipresence of spies? That imp is at home in all elements. He would even defy the fire like a salamander. Look, there he has reached the German shore and makes game of us!

Ves. Friend Anselm, you are a very circumspect man. It is you to whom I owe my safety.

Ans. Today they will score up a good deal on the blacklist of the Holy Inquisition, for that ferreter of the Blood Tribunal has overheard all our conversation.

Ves. And here in Switzerland! in this lovely

country where I thought I might be able to live in peace for a while!

Ans. You can do that very well; but the espionage of the Inquisition is here double and treble, as the Netherlandish noblemen prefer the universities of Switzerland to those of their native land.

Here in Basel, Master Vesalius, you have already a wonderful reputation as the highest authority of anatomy, and you have the opportunity to gain here as great a fame as in Paris. From here the light of science will flash into the darkest nooks of priesthood.

Yes. Most of the people studying art and science go to Italy, where art as well as science thrive better than in any other country. There, in the glorious Republic of Venice, we will find a lasting abode; there are to be found more art schools and universities than in any other country, and I will teach in turn the new genuine science of human anatomy at the universities at Bologna, Pisa, Padua and Pavia. What a sublime idea to teach anatomy at Bologna, where two hundred years ago the anatomical investigator, Mondini, was bold enough to dissect for the first time a human body.

Ans. But the bull of pope Boniface VIII. crushed this master mind, and in this pioneer of anatomical science crushed the revival of anatomical research.

Yes. Alas! so it did. At all events I must see the great master of the brush, Stephen de Kalkar, who studied his art with the famous Titian of Venice; he is busy with drawing and engraving the anatomical plates for my treatise on anatomy, *Corporis Humani Fabrica*, which will be published in the

near future. Sylvia has gone to Padua in order to use her wonderful talent for drawing and assist in the engraving of the anatomical plates.

Let us travel among the glorious Alps, and after crossing their lofty summits descend from ice and snow into the orange groves of Italy to take up again our anatomical work at Bologna and Padua.

SCENE II.

Vesalius and Sylvia; later de Kalkar.

Garden with Italian vegetation; middle ground a colonnade, at the center of which is the entrance of the studio of de Kalkar, the entrance closed by gigantic portieres.

Ves. Is this a dreamland, or reality? What heavenly beauty strikes my eyes and holds me spell-bound! How wonderfully blue the sky, and how high it arches; how low and gloomy in the Netherlands! The water clear and sparkling like crystal, while a flood of sunlight permeates the air, laden with the perfume of all kinds of blossoms and flowers. The luxuriant verdure of the orange groves revives my eyes, dimmed by dull and lightless surroundings. A new world, resplendent in the most magnificent lavishness and variety of colours, overwhelms my soul.

Sylvia. Here, dear Vesalius, is the paradise we

have been dreaming of so long; here we indulge in all the beauties of nature. What a change from the life you have been leading in the gloom of the grave vaults, among coffins and bones of the dead, embraced in a deathlike silence, and in air oppressive by the emanations of mould.

Ves. It was you, dear *Sylvia*, who made me oblivious of those dismal surroundings.

Sylvia. And still many other treats await you as soon as we enter the studio of Master de Kalkar. There you will have an opportunity of admiring masterpieces of the highest order, creations of Rafael, Titian and the latter's highly talented disciple, de Kalkar.

And, in addition—oh, *Vesalius*, my heart is thrilled with delight—you will behold the anatomical plates intended for your masterwork, *Humani Corporis Fabrica*, drawn true to nature and accomplished in delineation! And the copper plates are nearing their completion, and I dare say in that beautiful work I have assisted a little. Cheer up, dear friend, your masterpiece of scientific research has been rendered immortal by the master hand of our friend, Stephen de Kalkar. This, your master treatise of anatomy, will make you famous all over Europe as the greatest champion of anatomical investigation. De Kalkar tells me that your fame as the first authority in anatomy has spread like wild-fire from Paris and Basel all over the universities of Italy; hence all the ovations which are intended for you by the students at the universities at Bologna, Pisa, Pavia and here at Padua. My dear friend *Vesalius*, how my heart throbs with proud delight and enthusiasm at seeing

with what phenomenal ascendancy the bright star of your life forces its way to the zenith!

Now, my dear friend Vesalius, you will understand why I cannot as yet yield to the sweet and ardent impulse of my heart and comply with your request to be united with you forever.

I do not want to add one more obstacle, the care of me, to the many now lying in your path. First of all, accomplish your triumphal career, and then we will enjoy together what we have achieved. It will comfort you to know that even the least progress you make on your thorny path will make me exceedingly happy.

I see what insurmountable obstacles your enemies throw unceasingly in your path. The church, as a solid power, harbors a deadly hatred against you, and the sword of the Blood Tribunal hangs ever over head. Your path is crowded with snares of the Inquisition. In addition, there is the open hatred and the screened attacks and intrigues of the old anatomical school of Galenus, the rage of which exceeds all bounds. It means destruction and certain death to be a heretic. Moreover, you are a renegade of what they call anatomical science, that is, the old anatomical school of Galenus.

And Vesalius, in spite of all that rank hatred and unceasing persecution, such a wonderful success!

Yes. And all this has been achieved with the aid of my dear and fearless helpmate, with your aid, dear Sylvia.

Sylvia. Look there, the portieres of the studio move and Master de Kalkar himself puts in an appearance.

De Kalkar. With all my heart I bid you welcome, Master Vesalius.

Ves. My heartfelt greetings to you, Master de Kalkar, or, as the Italians call you, Giovanni di Fiamingo, John the Flemish! What a splendid idea that you left the gloomy and melancholy atmosphere of our native country, and, like a migratory bird, came to sunny Italy, with her everlasting azure skies! You are lucky, as you practice your art in the open daylight, while we must do our work of investigation underground and clandestinely.

De Kalkar. Your fame as a bold investigator has preceded you with winged speed across the Alps from Paris and Basel, and the Senate of the Republic of Venice is about to honor you with a professorship at the university of our city.

Look over there, Master Vesalius, there on the wall you see the drawings of your anatomical research, part of them in drawings, part of them engraved in copper. Those copper engravings will establish and secure for all time to come your fame as a bold and most successful investigator.

Ves. Indeed, here I see them in all their detail, pictured by your masterhand true to nature and in the most accomplished manner. Not many years ago you were still a pupil of the great master of the brush, Titian, and now you, too, are a most accomplished artist, and people are unable to tell your paintings from those of Titian and Rafael. What an accomplishment of drawing! What a brilliancy of colours never before witnessed!

De Kalkar. If those sketches meet your approval, the greater share of your praise is due to my highly

talented pupil and helpmate, Sylvia, who has handled the crayon with unabated enthusiasm.

Ves. (*Grasping Sylvia's hand.*) Indeed, she is, and has been all along, my high-spirited and untiring helpmate. (*Pointing at one of the paintings.*) But the unequaled brilliancy of color in your paintings, Master de Kalkar, is your own merit and your secret!

De Kalkar. I know the people believe that the Titian art school keeps as a secret the compounding and combining of colors, but this is not true, nor is the belief that our school has a great advantage over the Netherlandish school because in the Netherlands mist and dim colors prevail while in Italy all the sceneries of nature are resplendent with light and color. For, I tell you, Master Vesalius, our school has but few colors, neither have we any peculiar colors, nor are our colors purer or less adulterated, as they say. Our colors are purchasable anywhere, consequently they are in reach of the Netherlandish school; therefore, the two schools do not use colors of a different kind.

The fact that the colors of the Titian school are more brilliant depends entirely upon our technique, upon the way we lay out the colors. The Venetian school possesses this art to a high degree, and competes, as regards the brilliancy of the colors, with the greatest masters of the brush.

Look here! First we put down a layer of chalk, and in the putting on of any kind of coloration the white bed is conducive to the brightness of color as well as to impastation. Such an under layer allows polish, and renders the colors surprisingly trans-

lucid and even florid and brilliant. It is true the Venetian school, and especially one of its greatest champions, Titian, has achieved a great mastery, an eminent skill in laying colors, not by different strata, one upon the other, but by single and separate dashes of the brush, thus producing a wonderful effect.

To put the colors each at the right spot, without being compelled to lay them repeatedly one upon the other, and then to polish them, is what preserves the original color and its florid freshness.

Now, Master Vesalius, I have told you all the so-called secrets of the Venetian school.

Now look here, these are the likenesses of the champions and martyrs of the great reform movement in religion as well as in science; here are the three brightest stars among the religious reformers, Luther, Zwingli and Melanchthon, and there, three other bright and magnificent stars, the reformers of anatomical science, Fallopia, Eustachius and the likeness of you, Master Vesalius. The latter has been painted without assistance of mine by the skillful hand of Sylvia, and I declare this painting a masterpiece.

Ves. (*He hurries towards Sylvia and embraces her, after a pause he turns towards de Kalkar.*) Say, where is the likeness of the great master of anatomical research, Mondini, who had the courage to dissect the first human body, thus reviving anatomical research after anatomical science had remained fallow for one thousand years?

De Kalkar. Here is Mondini as large as life.

Ves. (*Baring his head and drawing reverently near the picture.*) “*Ossa autem alia.*” You great

master of anatomical research, you were compelled to give up the investigation of some bones "lest you commit a sin," the bull of pope Boniface VIII having threatened with the ban any anatomical research and even the maceration of any bones as a capital sin. Well, Master Mondini, we your sincere disciples have made up our minds to annihilate the ban that hovers like an incubus over scientific research. (Music is heard.)

De Kalkar. I hear music in the direction of the olive grove. That means the students are going to gather in front of my studio in order to tender you an ovation, Master Vesalius. Let us hurry and make some little preparation.

SCENE III.

Vesalius' Eulogy of Scientific Research.

The history of mankind is the history of the human mind. It was a long time before the human intellect rose above the narrow horizon of the surrounding physical world and by the study of history learned to turn back its mind's eye to bygone centuries.

Thus man enabled himself to think and strive and sympathize not only with his contemporaries, but also with his ancestors and with generations that lived centuries before.

By investigating past centuries, and learning of the adversities as well as of the happy events of the

past, our mind gathers wisdom and grows broader, and our view-point becomes more elevated, and we feel in our heart the throbbing pulse of mankind.

Thus the small stage of our surroundings changes into a world's stage, and we witness the great historical drama performed by whole nations in the world's theater.

Indeed it fills our heart with sorrow to see the first tender sprout of science exposed to all the wrongs and adversities of its time, to see how it has to struggle for a paltry existence, and it grieves us, or even makes our blood boil with indignation, when ignorance, superstition or wickedness treads the tender sprout of science under foot like a weed.

But on the other hand, we cheer the triumph of science when its great discoveries open new avenues to the human mind; indeed, we think and investigate, we discover and suffer and triumph with the heroes of science who held the search of truth above all.

Although it was near to hand to apply the "know thyself" maxim to our physical nature, and to dissect the human body, yet this field remained unbroken up to the beginning of the fourteenth century, for the ban of the church rested heavily upon scientific research.

What was called medical science was based on some few anatomical traditions that had been handed down from the ancient Romans, and the belief in them was very strong, and even bigoted, and there was nobody to prove whether or not those traditions were true.

All the religious thought of ancient times, even

up to the middle of the fifteenth century, condemn the dissection of the human body.

The belief of the ancient Greeks that the souls of the deceased had to wander about on the shores of the river Styx until their remains had been buried, rendered any anatomical investigation impossible. The Romans, too, entertained an equal abhorrence of dissections of the human body, considering it as a desecration of the dignity of man.

Moreover, even accidents and casualties did not facilitate any casual anatomical discoveries, as it was the first and principal duty of any commander to have those buried who had been killed in battle.

We read that the citizens of Athens condemned to death one of their best commanders, who, after a victorious battle, in his zeal to take the best advantage of his victory by close pursuit of the enemy, neglected the burial of the dead.

Although the religious views of that age were not opposed to the dissection of animals, we see what kind of views governed public life, for Democritos, who was engaged in dissections of animals, was declared insane by his fellow-citizens and was not permitted to dwell among them.

It was also a religious custom, when somebody happened to find human remains, or even but parts of them, to cover them with soil; a custom which put any part of the human anatomy out of reach of anatomical investigation, piety even covering with a handful of soil any bones outlasting the decay of the corpse.

Small wonder, then, that Claudio Galenus, who in the year 131 A. D. was a physician at the fencing

school at Pergamus, went to the university at Alexandria in Egypt in order to see a complete human skeleton, and that he, later on, sent his pupils to Germany to study anatomy on the giant bodies of the Teutons slain in battle, as the Romans then cremated their dead.

In this manner some observations superficial and more or less accidental were made; for instance, when animals offered as a sacrifice were killed, in cases of wounded people, and in the embalming of the deceased. And these few observations were for centuries the only anatomical acquisitions, and there was no anatomical science to speak of. Even the "tarecheutes," those men in Egypt whose office it was to embalm the corpses of the deceased, did not understand anything about anatomy, and they were bombarded with stones after doing the embalming.

Considering all these religious prejudices cherished by the people, the obstacles in the way of dissections of human bodies seemed insurmountable.

It was only at the schools of the priests that a certain amount of anatomical knowledge was handed down for centuries in the form of traditions. Aristotle, a genius of scientific investigation and the first scientific naturalist in ancient times, did splendid work and made admirable discoveries by the dissection of animals. His classic accuracy and his wonderful sagacity in systematizing the animal kingdom deserve the highest praise.

The first medical college was founded 320 A. D. at Alexandria, and here the first dissections of the human body were made. Celsus reports that even

vivisections on criminals were performed by Herophilus and Erisistratus. He says:

"They cut open criminals who by the order of the king were taken out of the dungeons and put at the disposal of Herophilus and Erisistratus, who, on cutting them open, holding their breath, glanced in wonderment at all that had been before occult and unknown."

This is proven by the fact that they discovered the lacteals of the intestines, which as a rule can not be discerned unless artificially injected, while their plexus on the intestines of those committing suicide during the process of digestion are distinctly visible to the naked eye and look like the ramifications of small blood vessels injected with milk.

The fact that Erisistratus knew the difference between sensory and motory nerves is another conclusive evidence that he made part of his discoveries in the living human body.

How limited anatomical knowledge must have been up to the time of Erisistratus is evidenced by the fact that it was he who demonstrated the fallacy of the belief that the fluid part of our food passes through the windpipe. In addition he discovered the valves of the heart.

It was in the year 131 A. D. that Claudius Galenus taught anatomy at Rome. He had made his medical studies at Alexandria in Egypt because that medical school owned a complete human skeleton. In all probability he used but monkeys and dogs for his own anatomical dissections and demonstrations. In consequence of his investigations and discoveries, and the treatises he wrote on anatomy and other medical

disciplines, he was considered as an infallible authority, not only in anatomy but also in medicine in general. For fourteen centuries the books he had published had a reputation not to be touched, and were revered as a kind of holy writ in medical matters. The blind veneration of his books has been unlimited, and even now anybody who dares charge Galenus with an error or a mistake is immediately ostracized.

All the books published in regard to his writings are but commendatory, and nobody until Mondini investigated anatomical subjects independently. The blind believers and fanatics even went so far that where he disclosed the anatomical errors of Galenus they were inclined to believe that a change had taken place in the human anatomy since the time of Galenus rather than believe that the latter had made some mistake. And you know as well as I that at present strict laws prohibit dissections of the human body, and the cemeteries are protected by grave wardens and by a special law. All those are severely punished who even keep company with grave robbers.

After a lapse of so many centuries, at the beginning of the fourteenth century a man arose who dared to dissect a corpse, and by so doing revived scientific anatomical research and the study of anatomy. It was Mondini, Professor in Bologna, who dissected two corpses and caused a regeneration of anatomical investigation, his publication on anatomy gaining the highest repute.

But the church responded quickly, and in 1300 Pope Boniface VIII anathematized the reviving

anatomical research. Ecclesiastical power did not mind the blind belief in the anatomical teachings of Galenus, and, moreover, sympathized with such a belief in the unbounded authority of that man, as such an orthodox belief caused a stagnation of the human intellect and made the bitterly hated progress of science impossible.

In that famous bull of Pope Boniface VIII excommunication is threatened against all those who might dare dissect a human corpse or macerate human bones. The church power fears that the monks who are to a great extent engaged in medical practice—most especially here in Italy—might become averse to praying and fasting.

The great and enthusiastic investigator, Mondini, suffered greatly in his researches by the bull of Pope Boniface VIII, and we are shocked and stirred with woful indignation on learning of the infamous conditions into which science was forced by the church and in contemplating what a master mind like that of Mondini must have suffered when writing down those impressive words:

*Ossa autem alia quae sunt infra basilare, non
bene ad sensum apparent nisi ossa illa decoquantur,
sed propter peccatum omittere consuevi.*

Words by which the great investigator tells us that he had to give up any further anatomical research through fear of committing a sin and inviting the fulminations of the pope.

Now at the present time the spirit of scientific research has been awakened, and the investigators of truth rival one another in generous competition. New and important discoveries follow one another

almost uninterruptedly, and in all the cities of France, Italy and Germany chairs and professorships are created; the ban under which the intellectual power of man had to suffer for centuries is broken, although we still have to suffer from endless persecution.

I have devoted my life to anatomical research, but the furious hatred of the church and the malicious intrigues of my relentless enemies among the medical profession have kept pace with the progress of my investigations.

I had to leave Louvaine, in Belgium, because my life was endangered by the Holy Tribunal of the Church; I had to leave Paris because my life was endangered by the rank intrigues of my relentless enemy, the famous exponent of anatomy, Professor Sylvius.

But now I am with you, my friends, and neither I or anybody else has a right to complain of his misfortune and his danger in the midst of those shining lights in the province of religion and science whose likenesses the master hand of de Kalkar has placed before us. My dear friends, behold the likenesses of those heroes, those champions, those martyrs of liberty of conscience and of untrammeled research, who have suffered untold misery, unceasing and relentless persecution, and even death! Behold the likenesses of those heroes—Savanarola, Wickleff, Huss, Luther, Melanchthon, Calvin, Zwingli, Ulrich de Hutten, Copernicus, Eustachius and Fallopia—and then let us bare our heads and solemnly vow: “Onward, on the path of enlightenment and progress of the human race!”

The audience baring their heads cheer and exclaim:

“Onward on the path of enlightenment! Down with the stultification of the human mind by popery and priesthood!”

OVATION TENDERED TO SYLVIA.

Henceforth thou shalt be our Queen,
Thou giveth us peace and happiness,
Let art and science dwell among us.
Let us investigate and teach the human mind,
Let us soften and ennable, edify and comfort
The human heart by the mighty charm of music;
Let us herald and announce by eloquent words,
The misgivings and ideals
That hover over the depth of thy soul!
In the flood of sweet music
Kindred souls melt into sweet harmony!
Here is no clatter of arms!
Pencils and chisels and thoughts
Are our tools and our weapons!
Here the life blood is ebbing pure,
Neither poisoned by hatred nor by superstition.

OVATION TENDERED TO STEPHEN DE KALKAR.

Thou master of the crayon and the brush,
You embellish our life and comfort our hearts;
You make our souls swell with noble feelings,
You charm our eyes, you refresh our minds
Cast down with the burdens of life!
Thou raiseth us by the magic of thy art,
By the beauty of thy drawing and the splendor of thy colors;
Thy magic wand renders us spellbound,
A wondrous world of forms and colors
Thou pourest into our devoted souls,
Refining our minds and ennobling our hearts!
Thou rouseth the seeds of virtue slumbering there.

In silent and sweet devotion our souls melt away,
Blended into the sweet harmony of form and color,
We grow converted into believers in beauty.

OVATION TENDERED TO VESALIUS.

Bold investigator of truth, be welcome ;
Who edifies and ennobles our souls,
Who invigorates and enthuses our hearts,
Who implants new ideas into our minds.
Thou art the master of solemn science,
Thou hast unraveled the wonders of our body—
How it is built up to a wonderful creation.
Three brilliant stars sparkle on the firmament
Of religious reformation, Luther, Zwingli, Melanchthon ;
Three other bright stars eclipse in science,
Fallopia, Eustachius and Vesalius.
Thou, the brightest of those three stars,
We adorn with the laurel of undying glory.

Ans. (Who has been an interested observer.)
Well, now let us hear from the stranger.

Stranger. I merely happen to be among this gathering of enthusiastic students and prominent scholars, and therefore, although appreciating your kind invitation, I feel somewhat embarrassed and hesitate to give my opinion.

Ans. Never mind, let us hear what you have to say.

ADDRESS OF STRANGER.

Research be free of fetters and barriers,
Untrammelled be the realm of thought,
We are endeavoring to reveal the mysteries of Nature,
Investigating matter living and in the state of rot;
And to unriddle the enigmas of Nature,
And to disclose her most occult workshops,
We diligently study the sublime creation

From the bounds of earth to the heavens' tops.
We rake in the bowels of the earth, and of man,
Of more enlightenment continually in search,
We discover new worlds, and cross the oceans;
Liberty of thought and conscience is our church.
Not on the vivid wings of imagination,
For the whys and wherefores of things do we scan;
Our means of investigation are free thoughts
That falter not at barriers nor at ban.
By no sense of fear, and no enfeebling doubts,
Shall the champions of enlightenment be awed,
The world must undergo a severe and mighty test,
To discover what is true and what is fraud.
How much the people believe and how little they know,
From the bottom of the retort is all too plainly shown—
Our chemistry distills the essence of the words,
We examine to the core, and not the crust alone.
Once more the earth we've weighed, and carefully measured,
'Tis not the center of the world, as falsely we were told;
A new and grander epoch is now about to dawn
That will shame to abject flight the darkness of the old.
The oceans are crossed and the heavens measured,
All that has being in the great sun's light,
All that breathes in darkness, or in secrecy,
All that soars in yon ethereal height—
What causes to heave the bosom of the ocean,
What causes the lap of the great earth to quake,
All this we endeavor to discover;
The mighty flood of new thought makes the whole world
shake.
Thinking and investigating are our sins,
Sins we readily admit,
Sins that we call virtues,
And are not ashamed of it.
The sin to think our own thoughts,
And place no faith on literal creed,
Is a sin that edifies our soul
And makes the priesthood fear, indeed!

Sins cherished by the thinker and investigator,
Which we by no indulgence can dissemble,
Sins that we forgive ourselves,
Are sins that do not make us tremble.
That's why the powers of the dark hem and hem,
The swelling tide of wakening thought endeavoring to stem.

*(The stranger after having finished his stunt
midst general applause is approached by Anselm.)*

Ans. Well, stranger, are those beautiful thoughts
you have expounded before this audience thoughts
of your own?

Stranger. I thought I did the right thing by
giving expression to the shibboleth of this honorable
audience, my own opinion is of no value among such
a crowd of fine scholars.

Ans. But I think you will not hesitate to take a
solemn oath as to the truth of the magnificent
thoughts which you have given such an eloquent
expression?

Stranger. Gentlemen, I have expounded your
ideas, but I am too little a scholar to prove the truth
of your opinions.

Ans. Can you swear as to the truthfulness of
your nose?

Stranger. I can take it upon my solemn oath
that my nose is not yours.

Ans. But this is not your nose! Look here, there
it lies on the ground! *(He seizes the nose of the
stranger and flings it to the ground.)*

Stranger. Of course this is not my nose, as it is
but the case of my nose!

Ans. *(Pointing with his index finger at the nose*

of the stranger.) And this your own nose, is not a nose at all; it looks more like a cucumber.

Stranger. There are no red cucumbers; my nose is frost bitten and therefore I had to encase it.

Ans. Did you become frost bitten in Italy or in the chilly waters of the Rhine! I think you put your so-called nose too deep in the cups and have dyed it in claret. Is your hair also frost bitten that you have covered it with a silken cap? Perhaps you have no hair at all and are bald headed!

Stranger. That is true! I have suffered a great deal from gout in my head, causing the falling out of my hair.

Ans. You mean you have been looking too deeply into the cup, and that has brought on the gout. Maybe you are suffering from a tonsure? Let us see! (*He tears the silken cap from the stranger's head and a tonsure is visible.*) There you are, you old crocodile, your head has been anointed. This time it means the extreme unction and you will get it. I will give you an opportunity to divulge now your own opinion and the kind of truth on which you swear. Such sublime truth ought to be expounded from a sublime spot, and for that purpose we will hang you to that tree over there. It is a good idea that you carry a rope about your person. (*Anselm pulls aside the light upper garment of the stranger and the cord around the loins of the friar becomes visible.*)

Stranger. I am an humble servant of the Lord, and without any worldly ambition. I do not need an elevated standpoint. I can preach the truth at the spot where I now stand.

Ans. There is no standpoint in question. In mid-air one cannot stand, and you will have either to fly, as the angels do, or to swing as the rogues do. And you won't do as an angel with your tonsure, with your red nose, your fat belly and your black heart.

Stranger. I can speak much better, having solid ground beneath my feet.

Ans. If you get embarrassed in your speech I will help you along by giving you some catch words. For instance, when you came forth from under the altar at Louvaine, where you were hidden in order to spy upon Master Vesalius, you started with the following terms :

“From our nets there is no escape,
We scheme and grab, we swindle and take,
A heretic never slips our hooks,
We hound his heels, and in his wake
We follow ; from town to town, from land to land ;
On every hand our snares are spread
For such as will not cringe the knee and lowly bow the
head.”

* * * *

“Of all those sapient, reformatory birds,
With their elusive creeds and glittering words ;
Of them we make an easy disposition
Through the systematic workings of the Spanish Inquisition !”

And when I was standing at the well in the yard of the Carmelite nunnery at Paris, and had a rope around my neck, you gallow-bird greeted me with the words :

“Down with him to the bottom of the well,
The deeper and darker, so much the better ;
Down there among the rats and toads,
Tortured the while by physical and mental agony,

And unable to be reached by the hand of a friend,
His stubborn mind will soon soften.
Don't hesitate, don't shrink back;
Take hold of him, collar him."

But I don't want to pay you in the same coin. I
don't say, "Down with you into the deep hole." I
say, up with you nearer to heaven.

Per aspera ad astra, gloria est in excelsis.

Through the difficulties of some hemp in the shape
of a noose you will go up to the stars, up there is
glory for you. Indeed within this hempen neck-
wear you will feel like a thistle-finch in the hemp.
Well, come on comrades, take hold of his carcass
and collar him; the low shall be raised! You old
crocodile, you are too good for this earthly world!

Monk. (With trembling voice.) My dear friends,
I am a humble but honest man. I am satisfied with
remaining in this world, and I feel happy to be in
your company.

Ans. Well, you are a humble man, but you will
soon be raised to a higher position. (Pointing at
the limb of the tree.) And you are an honest man,
because you have honestly earned this rope. You
are trembling because you are afraid that rope may
be strong enough to do its duty and make your
anatomy swing, while I, for my part, am afraid that
the rope as well as the limb of the tree may not be
strong enough to do you full justice. Well, comrades,
come on and assist me a little in getting this old
crocodile in full swing.

(Some of the students draw nearer and Anselm
busies himself with the rope that girds the loins of
the monk. The monk shows signs of great anxiety.)

Monk. Hail to art and science! My dear friends, don't make any mistake!

Ans. Hail to the art and science of making a noose. Don't be disturbed! We won't make any mistake, we will make an artful noose that guarantees the scientifically precalculated result of your swinging; but if the rope or the limb of the tree breaks, we will take it as a judgment of the Lord that you are not the right man, and we will set you free. But if you prefer to get the Lord's judgment in the water, according to the custom, it is your choice.

You know that procedure very well, for, as far as I remember, you were, at Basel in Switzerland, one of the foremost instigators who caused a great many old women to be indicted as witches and sentenced to be thrown in the river Rhine from the bridge at Basel, to invoke the judgment of the Lord, in order to find out whether or not they were guilty. If they floated along with their heads above water till they arrived at a certain spot down the river, they were considered to be innocent and were fished out, but if they sank and were drowned it was considered proof in the form of a judgment of the Lord that they were witches.

Monk. Please throw me into the water. Let me have a fair trial. Let heaven prove my innocence.

Ans. With you we cannot proceed in the customary way, as such a chunk of fat would naturally float on the surface of the water; but if such a fat-bellied corporation were to float beneath the surface of the water that would mean a miracle and a judgment of the Lord.

Monk. You are perfectly right, my dear sir, that

would prove that you have not got the right man and that I am not guilty. The finger of the Lord will suspend the operation of the laws of nature, and that will prove that I am innocent and one of the most faithful sons.

Ans. Now we are sure that you are the right man. You accept readily this kind of Lord's judgment, because you know very well that you are able to render it favorable, as you are an expert swimmer. It was you, old crocodile, who was lying flat on your back in the bottom of the little skiff on the river Rhine in the neighborhood of Basel in Switzerland, to spy upon Master Vesalius and myself and overhear our conversation.

When I discovered you hiding among the reeds, you hopped like a frog into the water, and dived like a duck and swam a long distance beneath the water, as fast and as cleverly as an otter. You see you are the right man, and here is the right rope, and up there is the right limb. You are exactly the right man to be roasted in hell, and the devil will be delighted to get you. You are trembling. Are you cold? Wait a little! Within a few minutes you will be in purgatory; down there, there is a warm climate.

Monk. Boys, you are going to commit a capital sin. Let me give you my benediction. When I am gone you will soon realize what an awful crime you have committed in killing a faithful and humble servant of the Lord.

Ans. Hem, do you now feel inclined to do some good, after having spread agony and unhappiness for a lifetime? Most certainly we will afford you

at the end of your cursed life an opportunity to do some blessed work, but you can best bless the world by being hanged to that tree over there!

Well, comrades, hoist him! (*They lift him and hang him to the limb of the tree by the rope he wears around his loins.*)

Ans. This is the latest in the way of a pulpit. Now you can preach your gospel from an elevated position. But mind; for the future keep out of our way—you spy of the Inquisition, you denouncer of the Blood Tribunal—for the next time we will place the rope now girding your belly, higher up, around your neck. Well, don't forget your piece!

(*The monk gesticulates violently and his body swings round against the tree.*)

Ans.

Of all those sapient, reformatory birds,
With their elusive creeds and glittering words—

The Monk. (*With expressive gesticulations.*)

Of them we make an easy disposition
Through the systematic workings of the Spanish Inquisition.

A heretic never slips our hooks,
We hound his heels, and in his wake we follow—

(*A trumpet blast is heard and an estafette of the Republic of Venice, displaying the Venetian colors, enters. He unfolds a portfolio and hands over to Vesalius a parchment roll to which there is attached the great seal of the Republic of Venice. Vesalius unfolds the scroll and displays its contents to the bystanders.*)

One of them. Long live Master Vesalius! The Senate of the Republic of Venice has invested him

with a professorship at our university. Let us proceed thither. (*The whole audience departs. The monk starts again to swing his body violently against the tree, the limb he is suspended from breaks, and the friar drops heavily to the ground, hallooing while he is lying on the ground*):

For such rank reformers of the holy creed
Mental and physical anguish is a crying need.

Jumping to his feet and dragging the rope and limb of the tree behind him he shouts:

I must see what is going on now.

SCENE IV.

Vesalius, Sylvia, Anselm.

Ves. Dear Sylvia, to all appearances the day has arrived when your wish will be satisfied, and obstacles will no longer block my way, as all the black, threatening clouds have disappeared.

Though still at some distance, the realization of my ideal looms up; an untrammelled path for scientific research. I shall be under the highest protectorate, that of the emperor, Charles V. A friend of mine has sent me word that my appointment by the emperor as chief surgeon of the Imperial Netherlandish Army is imminent.

Sylvia. Oh, what a glorious prospect! Such a high position of confidence opens an entirely new avenue to my friend Vesalius, placing scientific investigation under the powerful protection of the

emperor. This, my friend Vesalius, is the fruit of your untiring efforts.

Yes. Indeed, dear Sylvia, the splendor reflected from that great and mighty ruler upon my pursuits will put an end to the unceasing wiles and intrigues of my enemies.

Ans. Oh, Master Vesalius, I hasten to beg you, do stay here; do not respond to such an appointment; do not give up the refuge and protection you have found in the Republic of Venice. Here you have found everything to be wished, and all that you deserved and all that you needed to protect you against the devilish artifices of your professional brethren and against the deadly and venomous fangs of the black hydra. Here you are under the protection of a liberal republic; here science and all the fine arts find shelter and thrive better than in any other part of Europe; here hundreds of students of every class and age, and among them gentlemen of rank and fortune, listen to your teachings with the greatest enthusiasm. Here, Master Vesalius, you are not only esteemed, but you are also cherished, as has been proven by the magnificent ovations the students of the universities at Bologna, Pisa and Padua have tendered you when you have lectured to them.

Do not forget the great honor the Senate of the Republic of Venice has bestowed upon you by conferring a professorship of this university upon you.

On the other hand, do not forget to recall our former abode, Louvaine, that hot-bed of priestcraft, where you were nearly undone; remember Paris, where your most malignant professional and religious enemies have full sway, and where recently a

new, and, mind you, the deadliest enemy of our cause has arisen. Paris is the stronghold of theology, and sets the example for England and Germany, but the rest of Europe is under the lead of the university of Bologna, the principal exponent of jurisprudence. Here, in the Republic of Venice, we are free of all taxes, and here we have law courts to our own liking.

My opinion is that the whole affair is nothing but a devilish intrigue of your professional and religious enemies, who have picked out that position for you and who would not hesitate to recommend you for the exalted position of body physician of the emperor in order to have you near enough to entangle you in the snares and intrigues at the imperial court.

And then, Master Vesalius, mind Madrid, as there is more danger lurking there for you than even at Rome.

Master Vesalius, remember the great champions of our cause, in the province of science as well as in the realm of religion; because of their aspirations for religious reform and progress of the human mind they have suffered torturing imprisonment, they have met death at the stake, and all this through the instrumentality of the Spanish Inquisition.

Yes. Dear friend Anselm, you are always on the lookout for the safety of my life. As regards my desire to enter this new career you know very well that no personal ambition is guiding me, but I feel confident by the splendor and under the powerful influence of the imperial sun scientific research promises to take an unprecedented turn. I do not know of any other means to further untrammelled

scientific investigation to such an extent.

You say a new enemy—the deadliest and most powerful—has risen against our cause; what is his name, please?

Ans. Who guarantees your life, Master Vesalius? I say a living beggar can achieve more than a dead king! On my knees I entreat you: Don't accept that offer; if you do, it will lead you to ruin and death.

You remember the friar, who, at the time we were in Paris, tried might and main, in fact with fanatical perseverance, to establish a new order. Well, he has succeeded; the pope has sanctioned the order of the Jesuits, an order that will soon be more powerful than even the Spanish Inquisition. The name of that friar is Ignatius de Loyola, and perhaps the emperor himself already belongs to the order.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Scene in the Netherlands. Camp of one of the armies of Emperor Charles V, Imperial soldiers of different stripe; then, Chaplain Aquila; later, a Dominican friar, and last Vesalius, surgeon of the Imperial army. Singing in a number of tents, shaking of dice on drumheads, sutler's women and children of soldiers, wenches; to the right some howitzer men.

First Soldier. Hello comrades, is not the life of a soldier a jolly affair? Just now we are in the Netherlands, last fall we started from Italy and crawled over the Alps into Germany; in Italy we drank wine to our hearts' content, in Germany we drank beer by the hogshead; next year we'll go to Hungary to spank the Turks and have plenty of fun with their tomboys. Once in a while a battle royal, and as dessert plenty of marauding and plundering and a jolly company of fine lassies, and, in addition, drinking wine, singing songs and shaking the bones.

If the soldier only wants, the whole world belongs to him. We, the emperor's rich mantles, fight for his vast dominion and world-wide fame. Slaughter and marauding are customary in warfare, but of course if a civilian does the same it is a crime for which he must hang. We devastate the fields of our friends as well as of our enemies; if we please we ride or march across the ripe crops, warfare knows

no mercy and no human feeling. We do not produce anything, we only consume and destroy what the civilians have produced by hard and untiring work; the civilian is a mule, that must plod from the early morning until night to feed us and clothe us in rich mantles and equip us with weapons, and he must labor to make anew or repair what we have destroyed or ruined. His place is in the tread-mill, while to us the whole world is free.

If we do not get what is coming to us, we take everything we run across. Spoils is the custom of warfare, and the soldier likes to put something aside for a rainy day when he is disabled or too old to slaughter, pillage and lay waste.

Huzza, here is the last piece of jewelry that belongs to me! How it does sparkle! It's all pure gold and genuine gems. We have not got our pay for many months, let us shake the bones!

Put down ten gold florins, three rounds will show to whom the treasure belongs! Look here how it sparkles!

A Howitzer. Here are ten gold florins. Why don't you put one of your wenches at stake? You have about half a dozen and I myself need one badly to hang myself and those jewels on, if I happen to be lucky with the dice!

First Soldier. Why not! Which one?

The Stranger. I guess that black-eyed one over there is a dainty morsel. I like her best. I'll put up ten more gold florins!

First Soldier. Do you think I don't know what my goods are worth? She is a thoroughbred, and you will soon find out that she has at least one hun-

dred gold florins' worth of wonderful charms about her body; put up thirty more gold florins and three rounds of the best wine!

Howitzer. Our army drags along hundreds of women and lassies of every variety, and like the sunshine they belong to everybody, but you act as if we were lacking wenches to suit everybody.

First Soldier. That's all right! But there are very few of her kind. Only wait. Tomorrow you will have quite another opinion. She is one of the most delicious tid-bits. Well, is it a match?

Howitzer. Done! Here is the wager and there the wine. Shake the bones! Ah, that is a good start! Now it is on me. Ouch! To the devil with all the dice! (*He raises the bumper.*) This to you, but if I lose I shall shake your bones!

First Soldier. (*Placing a pistol before him.*) But not before I have honey-combed your stuffings. (*He shakes the dice.*)

Howitzer. Well, what have you got this time? Ha, ha, still worse than my cast! Throw the third round! Hem! now it is on me. (*He throws dice.*) There you have a proof of my skill! Indeed a master stroke! That girl is mine. (*Raising the bumper.*) This to your very good health; tomorrow we'll get plenty of plunder; Ghent is a very rich city. Tomorrow, I bet, I shall have the finest jewelry by the bushel.

First Soldier. What is going on over there at the howitzers? (*He draws near to the group standing around one of the biggest mortars.*) What are you doing?

One of the Howitzer Men. We are about to send

from the biggest howitzer a morning salute into the camp of the heretics. We are urging the chaplain, Aquila, to baptize the cannon ball, but he don't like the idea.

Aquila. Boys, that won't do, baptismal service is a sacred service.

One of the Howitzers. And this iron message to be sent into the camp of the new believers is a deed agreeable to God!

Aquila. We don't want to outrage the name of the Lord!

(*A Dominican friar enters, placing himself behind Aquila.*)

Howitzer. Do christen that cannon ball the "morning salute." As soon as the ball gets the blessing of the Lord, it will be an easy task for it to smash up a dozen of heretics.

(*Dominican friar standing behind Aquila motions the howitzers to place Aquila in the mortar.*)

Friar. Aquila is latin, and means eagle; why don't you send the eagle up into the clouds until he has had plenty of soaring, and, stretching out all fours, like a tossed frog, drops to the ground in the camp of the backsliders!

(*The howitzers cheering the friar cram Aquila into one of the big howitzers and pour powder into the mortar pit. Meanwhile the friar is looking at something in the distance and shows signs of unrest.*)

Friar. (To himself.) There comes one out of whose way I have to keep. (Aloud.) Well, boys, do it well and send him over to those of his kind. I am in a hurry. I have some important business.

(One of the Howitzers grasps the lunt and tries to touch off the charge. Vesalius enters.)

Yes. Comrades, what is going on here?

One of the Howitzers. We are just going to shoot that black sheep over into the camp of the heretics, but the powder don't take. This shows that he is in league with the devil.

Yes. (Scrutinizing the powder). The powder is damp and won't ignite.

Howitzer. If so, I am going to fetch some dry powder.

Yes. Hold on, are you not ashamed of yourself? Look at your right hand! Was it not lacerated a couple of months ago, and who was it patched it up?

Howitzer. Mr. Surgeon, you did.

Yes. Well, are you not afraid that that hand might become paralyzed while assisting in the murder of that poor army chaplain? Comrades get him out of the mortar and do not be guilty of committing such a dastardly deed!

(A bugle sounds.) Hello, it's the signal for decampment!

(All disperse in a great hurry.)

SCENE II.

Vesalius and Anselm.

Yes. Well, dear friend Anselm, what is the news?

Ans. Good news, Master Vesalius, the desire of all the nations of Europe to reform the church from head to foot is growing stronger every day, but the

cunning statescraft of Rome does its best to ensnare all Europe.

Yes. Small wonder ! The great offence occasioned by the highest exponents of the church, as well as by the common priesthood, has created a strong desire for reform.

Ans. The immorality of the priesthood and their greediness for money, displayed in the selling of indulgence, is fearful, and the ignorance of the clergy is shocking. The study of the ancient languages, recently awakened, educates the scholars and leads them to read the Bible in the original Hebrew and Greek text, but the clergy has not been slow to declare the study of the ancient languages a dangerous heresy ; because the priesthood fear that the reading of the Bible might cause an investigation of the present disgraceful conditions of the church.

Well, how is His Most Gracious Imperial Majesty?

Yes. I look on the Emperor as one of the greatest rulers in history.

Ans. The Emperor, with his twenty years, was when elected thoughtful and prudent far beyond his age, and when on his twenty-fourth birthday he got the news—indeed, the finest birthday present he ever got—that the French army had been utterly defeated, the greatest part of the French nobility destroyed, and the King Francis himself made prisoner, the Emperor's countenance did not betray exultation and he even forbade the customary public rejoicings, like bonfires, saying that such ought to be reserved for a victory over the Turk, the enemy of Christendom, but not practised when a great Christian king had met with a great misfortune.

Yes. But this conduct of the Emperor called forth the general admiration of all those present. Do not forget, friend Anselm, how the Emperor treated his illustrious captive, the King of France, when he paid him a visit on his sick bed. "Sir," said King Francis, "you come to witness the death of your prisoner!" But the Emperor replied: "You are not my prisoner, but my friend and brother. I have no other desire than to give you your liberty and all the satisfaction you desire."

Ans. But were these consoling words followed by corresponding actions? King Francis was utterly in despair, not being able to obtain his liberty except on terms dishonorable to himself and injurious to the interests of his country, and he resolved to abdicate his crown, and this magnanimous resolve soon resounded throughout all Europe.

On the other hand, the Emperor's subsequent dealings with his prisoner, King Francis, proved that the Emperor's conduct had not been impelled by a virtuous impulse of piety or humility, but by hypocrisy. He has been brought up in the strictest rules of what they call religion, and has his outside demeanor under full control.

And in the counsel that was held, Duke d'Alva,—beware of him, Master Vesalius!—insisted on the most rigorous terms as the price of the King's freedom, while the bishop of Ossero recommended the more magnanimous course of liberating the king on honorable terms in order to secure an honorable peace. But no, the most exorbitant and humiliating terms were settled upon, which King Francis indignantly rejected.

Yes. If the Emperor were not such a high-minded, mighty and virtuous ruler, the great ones of the earth would not resort to his court.

Ans. In spite of his sagacity the emperor relies and acts upon the advice of his counsellors, the two Granvilles, father and son, except that when the interests of the Roman church are concerned the emperor has his advisers among the clergy, in whom he places great reliance and whom in most cases he obeys implicitly. Is not the King of France regarded as a model of chivalry? He has a reputation for valor, generosity and gallantry, but the Emperor did not care to outrage the feelings of his favorite sister, Eleanor, by causing her to marry the Prince of Bourbon, the traitor to King Francis. And how about Margaret de Valois, the pearl of pearls, as she is called, the sister of the King of France, a distinguished lady and celebrated for her natural endowments, her learning, her gracefulness of manner, and devotedness to her brother—was she not accused of heresy, because she at all times afforded an asylum to those prosecuted for their new opinions on the subject of religion?

The professors of the College of Navarre had her ridiculed on the stage at Paris as a senseless person, whose head had been turned by sectarianism, and the Sorbonne—our old acquaintance at Paris—that formidable body declared her as a heretic, and tried even to rouse the king's indignation against his own sister; and her book was listed among the suspected publications printed without the permission of the faculty of theology. Master Vesalius, there are most powerful persons behind the throne, against whom

even the emperor could hardly give you any protection! The favors heaped upon the Prince of Bourbon, the traitor to the king of France, roused the indignation of the Spanish nobles, and the Marquis de Villana, whose palace the emperor had assigned to the culpable Prince de Bourbon, dared to address the emperor thus:

“Sir, I can refuse nothing to your majesty, but the moment Bourbon quits my house I shall set fire to it as a place polluted by the presence of a traitor, and no longer a fit residence for men of honor!”

And another of the emperor’s subjects, our friend Erasmus, the giant among learned men, had the boldness to write: “If I were conqueror, I would thus speak to the conquered, the King of France, ‘My brother, fate has made you my prisoner; a like misfortune might have happened to me. Your defeat shows the fragility of all human greatness. Receive your freedom, become my friend; let all rivalry cease between us, except that of virtue. In delivering you, I acquire more glory than if I had conquered France. In accepting that kindness with gratitude, you achieve more than if you had driven me from Italy.’”

This good advice the emperor cast to the winds, and the old heartless diplomacy went on.

Yes. The emperor has always been watchful of his independence; he has no High Chancellor and no Council of State, but interests himself personally in Spanish affairs and in the German, Burgundian and foreign departments, with the two Granvilles, father and son, and gives frequent and long audiences in a most kindly manner. In spite of his

gravity he is of popular and obliging manner, without in the least detracting from his dignity.

Ans. But what about his many encroachments on the Constitution of our native country, the Netherlands?

Ves. All his measures in that direction were passed without any opposition because the emperor knows how to flatter the vanity of the people. He spoke their language, exchanged civilities with the public leaders, and avoided the introduction of Spanish customs and Spanish etiquette, but all the time he was filling Brussels with Spanish soldiers. Still there is no doubt that the emperor is the greatest monarch in Christendom!

Ans. No heart speaks from his features, but incessant reflection, gravity and severity mark them.

Ves. It is true his clear, blue eyes appear immovable, his gaze is fixed, either straight forward or in some other direction, never changing. He keeps his mouth, with its prominent underlip, a la mode d'Autriche, half way open, and his movements, as well as his way of speaking, are slow and deliberate.

Ans. I am glad the dissensions of the Pope and Emperor prove very favorable to the progress of Lutheranism; the Emperor's example has emboldened the Germans to treat the papal authority with little reverence. In the Emperor's published reply to the angry letter of Pope Clement, the Emperor has enumerated many instances of the Pope's deceit and ingratitude and has also written to the college of the cardinals requiring them to show their concern for the peace of the Christian church, so shamefully neglected by its chief pastor. The manifesto

of the Emperor is little inferior in virulence to the thunderbolts of Luther and has been eagerly read all over Germany, and has done much more in favor of Protestantism than the Emperor's declaration of opposition did against it.

Yes. But, nevertheless, the Emperor is a rigid Catholic, although he has never shown any particular reverence for the person of the Pope !

Ans. Small wonder ! The Emperor is a hypocrite of the highest order. Remember Rome, Master Vesalius ! Rome was never treated even by the barbarous Huns, Vandals and Goths with as much cruelty as recently by the bigoted subjects of a Catholic monarch, the Emperor. The wretched inhabitants of Rome had to suffer terribly from the ferocity, avarice and licentiousness of the Imperial soldiers. Churches, palaces and private residences were plundered without exception, no age or sex was exempt from the brutality of the soldiers, cardinals, priests, nobles, matrons as well as virgins, were all maltreated, and for several months were the outrages and indignities of the soldiers continued.

The Pope, penned up in his uninhabitable castle of St. Angelo, and reduced to such extremities of famine as to feed on asses' flesh, had to capitulate, pay four hundred thousand ducats and remain a prisoner until other humiliating articles of peace were performed.

And the Emperor ? He was overjoyed by the misfortune of the Pope, but, in order to shield himself and allay the general indignation, declared that Rome had been assaulted without any order from him. He put himself and the court in mourning

and commanded prayers and processions throughout all Spain for the recovery of the Pope's liberty, which, by an order to his generals, he could have immediately granted him.

Now, Master Vesalius, was that not the grossest and most hypocritical of artifices?

Yes. The Emperor's self-love and power of dissimulation he inherited from his maternal grandfather, Ferdinand, the mental depression at times amounting to insanity in his mother, Johanna; the nobleness of mind of his grandfather, Maximilian, and of his father, Philip, form the groundwork of his character. His unceasing labors aggravate his naturally not happy temperament and prevent his best qualities from being brought forward.

He examines everything calmly, but with a keen, or even rather suspicious, look. He does not know passionate anger, and offences do not change his countenance, but they are treasured up in his bosom, and sometimes, after years, they are fearfully revenged.

Ans. Nor does he change his countenance, either, when called upon to sign a death warrant, and this he considers befitting to majesty.

Yes. But he never uses force until all means of patience and clemency have failed. The Emperor elicits respect at first sight and admiration on further acquaintance; his power of self-control never fails and to win a secret from him is impossible. A sure indication of his greatness is that he can be spoken to on the subject of his faults with utmost freedom.

Ans. But when it comes to measures where the

interests of the Romish church are concerned the Emperor has his advisers among the clergy, on whom he implicitly relies. Garcia de Loyasa, the Emperor's confessor, and Grand Inquisitor as well, is one of those highest in the Emperor's confidence. He is his most intimate spiritual adviser, and I say his advice savors too much of a principle never acknowledged in words though often and most culpably put into practice, "that the end justifies the means." Save the confessor, nobody possesses any real influence over the Emperor. You see, Master Vesalius, there are most powerful persons behind the throne, against whom the Emperor could hardly give you any protection.

Do you know, Master Vesalius, how the old fox talks to the Emperor? "I wish," he says, "that Your Majesty may be the means of ridding the German nation of the heresy which pervades it. Italy will exalt you as the highest and best of earthly princes. Do not hesitate to make any pecuniary sacrifice for the faith, offer up all you have carefully laid aside for public uses; whatever you expend in the sacred cause will be repaid with usury, and not only in the world to come but in this also, and your stores will be resplenished with showers of golden ducats and all worldly riches." Thus the old fox writes literally to the Emperor.

"And," he continues, "the archbishopric of Tarragona is vacant. Should it occur to Your Majesty that any person of consideration in Germany might by this means be induced to become a convert to the holy faith you must not hesitate to bestow it upon him, even should he be a stranger and living at a

distance." Now you see, Master Vesalius, under what kind of influence the Emperor is. "The end justifies the means!"

Yes. At all events the Emperor's confessor has tried his best to warn the Emperor not to indulge in dishes which are injurious to the health, in order to preserve his life for the sake of others, and he has told the Emperor "that his chest is sometimes heard further off than his tongue," as the Emperor often coughs more than he speaks. He has admonished him against gluttony, urging him to be careful in his diet and eat wholesome instead of highly-seasoned food. In this regard he is perfectly right, because long accustomed to strong stimulants in his diet the Emperor's palate has lost all its sensitiveness to taste.

Small wonder is it that the other day he told the grandmaster of his kitchen, Monfaletto, when complaining of a dinner served up to him by the head cook, "that it was composed of nothing but wood."

Besides the Emperor has always been a bad sleeper, and the hot climates in which he has passed the greater part of his life, together with the unwholesomeness of his food, have contributed much to augment this complaint. Since forty years of age he has never slept more than four out of the four and twenty hours.

At five o'clock in the morning a dish is brought to him consisting of a fowl, or capon, dressed with milk, sugar and spice, after which he reposes an hour. At twelve a dinner is served consisting of at least twenty dishes.

In the evening, towards eight o'clock, he partakes

of some anchovies or other savory fish, and he sups at midnight. He drinks the most heating beverages, and takes very little exercise except during the excitement and bustle of a campaign.

Ans. Well, otherwise he is the greatest monarch of Christendom, because he understands perfectly how to parade as a magnificent ruler and warrior; the pageant at his coronation at Bologna is the best proof of that. Most certainly this was a procession fit for a great emperor, enough to make the earth as well as the heavens tremble when the artillery set up its terrible roar.

But that same great Emperor, when performing his act of submission or homage to the Pope, sank on his knees, kissed the foot of the Pope, and, rising, kissed the Pope's hand. The Pope on his part kissed the Emperor's cheek. This done the Emperor fell again on his knees, until the Pope, making a gracious gesture, begged him to rise.

Then the Emperor spoke: "Holy father, thanks be to God above, who has conceded to me so great a favor, that I should arrive in safety here to kiss the feet of Your Holiness, and to be received with greater kindness than I can ever merit, and thus I place myself under your safeguard."

Holy and at the same time crafty words, are they not, Master Vesalius? And what a safeguard!

Most certainly the Emperor is remarkable for his graceful horsemanship, and he rides when fully armed with so much majesty, and manages his horse so gallantly, that no more accomplished knight can be found anywhere, but when it comes to advanced thought in the realm of religion the Emperor is

the worst kind of a bigot and a mere tool of the church.

Yes. Since the Emperor first commenced religious wars all his energies have been devoted to the great object of putting down Protestantism, as well as all the princes who supported it. But there is no union of religious principles—frequently Roman Catholic being arrayed against Roman Catholic, and Protestant against Protestant, as a worldly policy might dictate. The Pope and the Emperor are usually at variance, and finally the Turk has been brought in to determine the fate of Christendom.

The Emperor is undoubtedly a prince who is with all his greatness and accomplishments of a most modest demeanour. He is very studious of religion and wishes by his example to excite the fervor of divine worship in his Court, and, mind, friend Anselm, to acquire his favor there is no surer method than propriety of conduct and the profession of sincere Christianity.

On rising in the morning he attends a private mass, then after granting a few audiences he proceeds to a public mass, and immediately afterwards to dinner. Accordingly it has come to be the proverb at Court, “D’alla messa alla mensa,” from mass to mess. Then the Emperor eats a great deal of food of a kind that produces gross and viscous humors, whence arise his two tormenting indispositions, the gout and asthma.

Ans. Although the Emperor’s heart and mind are hidden and impenetrable, he shows by his deeds that he is not only a bigot and a hypocrite but also a despot. He has been to everyone a friend and a

foe by turns. He was at one time an enemy to the King of England, and afterwards he entered into an alliance with him. He waged unceasing war upon the King of France for twenty years, and ended by concluding a friendly treaty giving up Milan to him. To the Lutherans he has appeared sometimes in the light of a friend, and sometimes in that of an enemy. Of the Pope he has often said the sharpest things, and yet, after all was said, has done much to the Pope's advantage; although he attaches very little weight to the Pope's promises.

Yes. But, friend Anselm, you forget that the Pope is to be regarded in two lights; first, as the head of the Roman Catholic faith, and, secondly, as temporal prince.

Ans. And when the Emperor made the Pope his prisoner, he made not only the temporal prince his captive, but, with very little show of respect, imprisoned the other half, too, the head of the Roman Catholic faith.

Yes. And you say the Emperor is a despot?

Ans. How about the Emperor's utter contempt for the civil rights of the people shown early in the political affairs of Spain and the Netherlands, and the violence with which he afterwards, under the empire, resisted and punished all efforts to oppose his arbitrary will! This certainly does not exempt him from the charge of despotism. (*A page enters.*)

Page. His most gracious majesty, the Emperor, commands herewith his body-physician to appear before the Emperor for medical counsel!

SCENE III.

Emperor Charles V. and Vesalius.

Emperor. (To page.) Where is Vesalius? (Page draws the portiere. Vesalius enters.) I trust I have chosen the right man in appointing you as my body-physician, just as I chose the right man when I appointed you the chief surgeon of my Imperial Netherlandish army.

Ves. Your most Gracious Majesty has bestowed a great honor upon me, and it has always been my ardent endeavor to prove myself worthy of your Majesty's grace.

Emp. An immense responsibility has been placed upon you!

Ves. The greater the responsibility your Gracious Majesty places upon me, the greater is my desire to do my full duty.

Emp. Indirectly you are responsible for the spiritual and mental welfare of all those subjects of my vast empire who worship the holy cross. It requires a strong mind not to become intoxicated by being the mightiest ruler of the age. All the nations of which I am the imperial ruler have to be balanced in their antagonistic political interests and tendencies—tendencies arising from their different nationalities. The brain of such a ruler must be of an imperial nature, as it must grasp and digest the enormous sum total of all the manifestations of life of such a gigantic political body. The brain is the natural and legitimate ruler of the whole body, but

even an imperial brain depends upon the stomach, the generator of all the vital force. Hence the necessity of making my stomach a paragon of excellence, an imperial stomach that will give sufficient strength to my arm to conquer, and sufficient wisdom to my brain to rule, the whole world. Just at present I am confined to Brussels, suffering from a severe attack of gout, and knowing your extraordinary medical skill I am confident that you will rid me of the burden of the gout and restore my stomach to its former phenomenal vigor. By achieving this you will enable me to go again upon the battlefield and crush down the Turk as well as the heretics. I think you realize now the far-reaching importance of your position as my body-physician; restore my stomach to perfect health and I shall be able to secure the material and spiritual welfare of all my subjects, and all for the glory of the Almighty by whose grace I rule as his substitute.

Yes. I am fully aware of the great and far-reaching responsibility of my position.

Emp. Well, Vesalius, tell me candidly the cause of this renewed terrible attack of the gout. Consider the great fatigues I have suffered by incessant travel from Spain to the Netherlands, thence into Germany, thence crossing the Alps into Italy, then crossing twice the Mediterranean Sea and fighting at different times the most fearful battles in Africa, suffering untold exposure. On my return, down I went into Hungary to give battle to the Turk—all for the glory of God the Almighty by whose grace I rule my vast dominion. Indeed, I have suffered great and countless fatigues, always considering it to be my duty to

look personally to my affairs and be present in every battle, but I have been oftener attacked by the gout when trying to enjoy some rest, either in Spain or the Netherlands.

Yes. Everybody knows the unceasing and untiring efforts of your Gracious Majesty to maintain the great power allotted to the mightiest monarch in Christendom, but your Majesty's ailment has only partly been caused by the exposure unavoidable in most extensive travels; the greater part of it can be traced to your Majesty's cooks and butlers.

Emp. Sir, I commanded you to be candid, but your language is rather bold; if a physician talks to his patients the way you do, he is liable to lose their patronage, for patients as a rule do not like to be restrained in their habits of life, nor in their hobbies. Be careful, you might lose the imperial protection of your hobby of anatomical research! Nevertheless, I appreciate your frankness, knowing that it is the way of you physicians to starve your patients in order to starve their ailments. To starve the patient to death does not of course occasion the physician any discomfort; it is the patient who suffers. I hope, Vesalius, you will find means to repair the faulty parts of my system while all the machinery goes at full speed, and not bring my system to a complete standstill by starving it. I expect you will be able to restore to me the great physical and mental strength which I need to perform my imperial duties, but in order to do this it requires an imperial digestive power with food and drink fit for an imperial stomach.

Yes. Even the owner of an imperial stomach, of

a stomach possessed of marvelous digestive powers, has in time to make some concessions, as all living beings are subject to the laws of nature.

Emp. But I am suffering from a lawless stomach, and it will be your duty, Vesalius, to reduce my stomach to lawful obedience.

Ves. Our stomach often appears to act lawlessly, while, in fact, it revolts in strict accordance with nature's laws, protesting against the tyranny of its owner; our stomach after being ill-treated, takes its turn and ill-treats us.

Emp. I have always treated my stomach royally to food and drink.

Ves. Even the stomach of the mightiest Emperor gets sometimes out of sorts by being treated too royally. We physicians often discover the real cause of the gout, and the disorders of the stomach which precede it, in the kitchen and wine cellar of the sufferer.

Emp. I understand! Indeed a bold onslaught on the necessities and comforts of my life! It is from the kitchen that our thoughts derive their vital energy, and there is some genuine elixir of life bottled up in a good wine cellar!

Ves. I am sorry to say that it is an impossibility to bottle up vital energy, health and spirit; there are life-sustaining forces and agencies. In addition to fresh air, sunlight and exercise, wholesome food and drink are indispensable to perfect health. There are no life-sustaining draughts to be found bottled up either in the cellar or in the medicine chest. Even the mightiest monarch of our age, even the stomach of your most Gracious Majesty, is subject to the almighty laws of nature.

Emp. But the stomach of the church never suffers from indigestion, and digests everything, even whole countries. Vesalius, bring my stomach up to that standard, to the marvelous digestive power of the church, and I shall consider you the unequaled master of medical skill and will reward you royally.

Yes. Indeed the stomach of the church is an anatomical and physiological marvel, but her digestive power is also limited by the laws of nature; consequently the church will never be able to digest the present religious reform movement.

Emp. I appreciate your frankness, Vesalius, but at the same time I hope you realize that such bold language can only be uttered by a man who is under the protection of an imperial patron. There is more state business in that so-called religious reform movement than in anything else, and I shall consider anybody touching upon that subject an intruder of that legitimate sphere allotted to me by the Lord Almighty. It is this very epidemic of the rankest hereticism that makes an iron stomach an indispensable affair to me, for it was but a slight indigestion, lowering the vitality of my brain, that caused me to make that fatal mistake of not cremating that bold and fanatical monk, Luther. What a change of the world's theatre would have been brought about by extinguishing that German firebrand of hereticism at the start, before that spark emanating from his rebellious mind kindled a wildfire of religious and political discord. Fomented by political intrigue and the stubborn ambition and greediness of some German princes, this religious discord has caused the spiritual and political disruption of my vast

empire. Well, Vesalius, what is your definite opinion as regards my failing health?

Yes. I warn your most Gracious Majesty to put the brakes to your Majesty's glorious triumphal chariot, for if it continues to dash along with such marvelous and phenomenal speed, without any restraint, it will have to be dismantled and overhauled, or it will come to a stop with a sudden crash.

Emp. Has my life really reached such an ominous stage? Your advice cuts to the quick all my lofty and ambitious schemes. Vesalius, I cannot heed your advice. Such advice may be most proper for one of my subjects, but it does not hold good for the ruler of a dominion in which the sun never sets, nor can such an advice apply to a war-lord whose office it is to take the lead on the battlefield. I know you mean well, but to heed your advice means the abdication of a mighty emperor or slow suicide.

I, the ruler of the vastest dominion of the age, and the acknowledged hero of many battlefields, cannot afford to linger to death or to be starved; my portion is to die on the battlefield or to die of old age. What I want you to do is to compound a wonderful elixir of life to whip up my flagging vitality or prescribe for me an arcanum to kill the demon of the gout that tortures me day and night; break the shackles with which the gout has fettered my stiffened and swollen limbs and give me a chance to move forward, for I have war to wage on the stubborn German princes with their rank heresy and deep political intrigues.

I am anxious to learn what your colleague, my other body-physician, will have to say! He has given me his medical advice for a great many years.

His opinion, of course, will differ from yours, as it is the case with you physicians that one gets as many different opinions as physicians he consults. This is where the complication of my ailment comes in. I am suffering from the gout and in addition from two body-physicians. One of them tries to cure my ailment by starving my system, while the other one feeds me well enough to keep my gout in good condition.

Well, to extricate myself from that dilemma, I shall have to be my own body-physician! Sufferers want to get well and do not care about medical doctrines or about the method by which they are cured.

I think I will once more resort to my other two well-tried body-physicians, to my cook and my butler. Down in the cellar sparkles the unequaled elixir of life that will cause the mainspring of life, the heart, to work with all its might to overcome the obstruction and agony caused by the gout.

Where there is a will there is a way, and where there is the will of a mighty emperor there are plenty of ways!

Vesalius, I am going to wage war on Germany! In the turmoil of battle I shall forget all about my gout. (*Exit Vesalius*).

The destiny of the nations over which I rule shall not suffer by my personal affliction.

I feel already some of the fiery current of my former strength and energy coursing through my veins!

On then! I go to wage war on Germany, the hotbed of heresy, and to humiliate those stubborn German princes. In the hum of the battlefield I shall forget all about my ailments.

SCENE IV.

Castle at Rudolstadt, Germany. Countess Katharina and Caspar Aquila; Later Duke d'Alva and His Suite.

Countess Katharina. I have sent for you Aquila, your life is in great danger. The Duke d'Alva is expected here at any moment; he has sent word that he and his suite would like to take luncheon at my castle. Who would dare to refuse the duke's request at a time when my domain is swarming with Spanish troops! But I have secured a letter of protection from the Emperor; my subjects need protection; but you know very well, Aquila, that you do not come in for that protection, as the terrible Duke d'Alva has set a reward of five thousand florins upon your head because of your recent sermon against the Emperor's interim. I must give you protection in some other way. Here is a basket filled with provisions; go to the well room and let yourself down by the chain to the water's edge. There you will find in the masonry of the wall a niche leading to a small dungeon, the existence of which is not known to anybody but me. Make haste, before it is too late! Hark! There, already, is the trumpet blast of the herald, and they are just about to lower the drawbridge; the worst enemies of the Lutherans have arrived. Aquila, do not lose your head now, otherwise you are sure to lose it tomorrow by a mere nod of the great executioner of the Blood-Tribunal, the Duke d' Alva. (*Exit Aquila.*)

Countess. How glad I am to have secured a letter of protection from the Emperor. This time my subjects will not have to suffer in any way from the Spanish soldier hordes, who are intoxicated from their victorious battles and greed for plunder. It is true, I had to promise bread and beer and other provisions for the soldiers marching over the bridge, but I have taken the precautionary measure of having the wooden bridge that spans the river removed, and have had it reconstructed further up the river, at a greater distance from the town, because I fear those rapacious soldiers at the sight of the town and castle would not be able to resist their greed. What a comfort it will be for the inhabitants of all those villages through which that tremendous column of the imperial army is going to march, that all the chattels of those peasants have been stowed away in the cellars and sub-cellars of my castle!

Duke d' Alva, that champion of religious bigotry and fanaticism, has requested, through his messenger, to be allowed to take his luncheon at my castle! Well, I know the meaning of such a request when it comes from the worst enemy of our cause! Mercy upon Aquila if he runs across that butcher!

The duke has received my answer, that I will give all that my larder affords, but I have not missed the opportunity of reminding him of the Emperor's letter of protection and of entreating him to faithfully live up to the provisions of that letter!

(The loud din of arms is heard).

Here they come!

(Duke d' Alva, Duke de Brunswick and his sons, with the rest of the suite, enter the banquet hall).

Welcome, your excellencies, welcome gentlemen, make yourselves comfortable, and pray be satisfied with the trifle I am able to offer such illustrious guests.

(All sit down at the table and take luncheon).

Duke d' Alva. It gives me much pleasure to tender my best respects and thanks to our gracious hostess for the kind reception and the sumptuously spread table, proving that the ladies of Thuringia keep a good table and uphold the noble custom of hospitality.

(A servant approaches the countess and delivers a message; the countess, excusing herself, leaves the banquet hall, saying that she will be back in a minute).

Duke d' Alva. Our hostess has made a wonderful move in securing a letter of protection from the Emperor. Our soldiers ought to be excused for some marauding, their pay is due for some months and a little sacking would have comforted the boys. There is at best not much booty to be had in poor Thuringia! Of course it is more than likely that my soldiers would have burned down this nest of new believers. I bet Aquila, that arch-heretic, is somewhere hidden in this castle, but, by God, if he is caught this time the gunpowder will be dry enough to blow him to atoms! I know he is under the protection of the Countess Katharina, for, what perhaps you gentlemen don't know, the countess herself is an arch-heretic. She favors and assists the new believers among her subjects. She tries her best to do away with the monkhood, and to improve the schools, and to give shelter and assistance to all the

protestant preachers who are under prosecution for their new belief. As soon as she returns I am going to frighten her by asking her about the whereabouts of the preacher, Caspar Aquila!

(The countess enters the banquet hall).

Duke d' Alva. Well, your ladyship, have you been looking out to see if Caspar Aquila is still under good shelter and his head still between his shoulders ?

Countess. No, Duke d' Alva, but I have just received word of how little the Emperor's letter of protection is respected. Your Spanish soldiers have committed violence in many of the villages and have stolen the cattle of the peasants. I feel towards my subjects like a mother; if they have been wronged, I feel as though I myself had been wronged. Duke, I beg you urgently to remedy the wrong that has been done to my subjects.

Duke d' Alva. Such is the custom in time of war, and such little accidents cannot be avoided when an army is marching through a land, be it a kingdom or a mere county.

Countess Duke, I shall see what is to be done; my poor subjects shall have what is due them, or, by God, I shall demand the blood of the princes in exchange for ox-blood.

(She departs. Upon her departure, armed men crowd into the banquet hall, and, sword in hand, place themselves respectfully behind the chairs of the guests, to wait upon them. At the sight of those sturdy fellows, ready for action, Duke d' Alva's looks change, and the guests look perplexedly at one another).

Duke of Brunswick. (Turning to one of the armed men.) What is the meaning of all this?

The Servant. All the servants have been armed at a minute's notice, all the exits of the castle have been bolted and locked, the drawbridge has been raised; you are cut off from the imperial army and surrounded by strong war-proof men.

Duke of Brunswick. Tell her ladyship, the Countess, that we should be very much pleased to see her.

(*Exit servant, the Countess re-enters the banquet hall*).

Duke of Brunswick. (Laughing outright). Indeed a delightful joke of your ladyship to scare us to death! You have sumptuously regaled us, and the motherly care you take of your subjects is admirable! Your daring determination is above praise! Dear Countess, let me manage affairs, Duke d' Alva does not sufficiently understand our language. I will explain to him in Spanish and see to it that he complies with your wishes. Here is paper and ink and pen and I am going to put down that the cattle that have been pilfered by the Spanish soldiers are immediately to be given back to the peasants.

(*He speaks a few words in Spanish to the Duke d' Alva and the latter signs the paper*).

Duke of Brunswick. (Handing the paper to the Countess). Many thanks!

(*The guests take leave, shaking hands courteously with the Countess*).

SCENE V.

Monologue of Charles V.

A slight tremor possesses my system, like to the tremble of the royal oak when the keen steel of the ax is laid at its main roots.

I feel my advancing years, the gout unstrings my nerves, and the asthma chokes up the channels that carry fresh air—the elixir of life—to the blood.

Formerly, how I did abound with vigor! How briskly coursed my life-blood through its channels; neither my muscles, hard as steel, nor my nerves, knew weariness or pain!

Formerly, thoughts, keen and plentiful, flashed through my brain, and, as soon as they presented themselves, were grasped with determination, and my strong arm was ready to turn my resolves into action, while, now, my thoughts, mere shadows, flit like spectres through my brain.

And alas! at the present time I must rely upon myself alone; formerly the most valiant armies and the most courageous and experienced generals were at my disposal, sufficient to conquer the whole world! Now I am forsaken, and lack strength and might, and the sinews of war, money!

Formerly, my brain was weaving by day and by night a web of the finest diplomatic fabric, and through all that fabric ran a thread of that magnificent imperial purple, marking its maker, Emperor Charles V.

At present that magnificent imperial purple looks like the sombre shroud of death!

In the German diet at Worms, at a time when that imperial purple shone in its highest splendor, I ridiculed that pale friar, Martin Luther, remarking to my neighbor: "That monk could not convert me into a heretic!" And at present the whole world trembles at the following of that pale monk, and even my throne begins to shake.

Through a sea of blood I waded until I realized that ideas are more powerful than swords. It is the muscle that wields the sword, and it is the nerve that sets the muscle to work, but it is the idea that vitalizes and quickens and steels the nerve.

I tried to eradicate all heretical notions from the brains of my subjects, I tried to imprison those new-fangled ideas. Alas! you can jail a man's body, but not his ideas! It would be a splendid task for Vesalius' scalpel, which he wields so cleverly, to locate the very spot in the human brain where heretical ideas first take root! If once we know the nests where such ideas are hatched, we might be able to kill them before they become full-fledged and soar abroad like birds on the wing.

But they do not remain on the wing, they nest in the brains of other people and breed and multiply again and again.

As the wily cuckoo smuggles his eggs into the nests of other birds to be hatched, in order that the young cuckoos as soon as they slip out of their shells may devour the legitimate offspring of the nest, just so the new illegitimate ideas swallow up the old legitimate and privileged ideas.

In spite of my long, glorious rule, in spite of the tremendous manifestations of power of every descrip-

tion, I must admit that I have not gained any lasting success as regards the Protestants and the Turk; the "new faith" has proved to be stronger than the mighty and powerful ruler of an empire within the boundaries of which the sun never sets. This sad disappointment distresses my mind and makes me realize to what a degree I have been humiliated; the little monk Luther has most fiercely avenged himself upon me!

I made a fatal mistake in not treading under foot like a weed the first upshoot of the reformatory movement, by putting Luther at the stake. Now that suckling of the "new faith" grows into a tree, a Upas tree, the rank effluvia of which endangers the whole Catholic world.

It was another fatal mistake that I did not keep King Francis a prisoner; if I had done this I should have been able to concentrate all my strength and smite the Turk, the arch-fiend of Christendom.

Though I have spent millions, and waded through a sea of blood, waging war against the King of France for twenty years, in spite of the most intricate diplomatic skill and artifice the King of France remains unhumiliated. Moreover, there is a shadow standing out on the horizon of the future, the silhouette of his son, the Dauphin of France, who I am afraid will in the future possess more power than my son Philip. And with this very thought I carry to the grave all my hopes for the future welfare of the empire and of my son.

Indeed, I am the one who has been humiliated—I, the ruler of half the world, I, who have developed and improved the monarchical idea to its greatest

might, I, who have surrounded the monarchial government with imperial splendor and overawed my subjects with its unheard of magnificence!

The sinister lot has fallen to me, that, in spite of my almost unlimited power, I have suffered a moral defeat from which I shall never recover.

I have vanquished and even annihilated the armies of my enemies; but after every victorious battle there has remained one invincible enemy, whose power I had underestimated, the “new faith,” which has stirred the minds of my subjects to the depth of their souls.

No other ruler can boast of such a long, glorious and eventful reign! And still it is my fate to abdicate as the Romish Emperor of Germany. I must resign! *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

SCENE VI.

*Piazza at Brussels. Abdication of Charles V.
Sumptuous Display of Splendor.*

Emperor. I, the mightiest prince of Christendom, descend of my own free will from the first throne of the world. If my death had put you, my son Philip, into the possession of the sovereignty, I should be entitled to receive your thanks for such a precious inheritance, but in voluntarily transferring the rule of the Netherlands, because I wish to prepare myself for my demise, I demand of you that you reward your subjects for what you owe me. Other rulers

feel happy in bequeathing their heir apparent the crown death takes from their head, while I will live and see you rule; few princes have done as I do, few will follow my example. I hope your course will justify my confidence and that you will rule with wisdom, and remain unshaken in the true faith, the strongest foundation of your throne.

(King Philip kneels down in front of the Emperor, pressing his face upon the Emperor's hand, and receives the latter's blessing. He and all the bystanders are in tears. The crowd disperses. Vesalius and Anselm remain).

Ans. Was not that abdication a magnificent farce? It is an old trick with rulers to first appeal to the lachrymal glands of their subjects and afterwards to their purses.

Ves. Statecraft, statecraft, dear friend Anselm.

Ans. *(In a whisper.)* Dear Master Vesalius, never trust that old fox, the Emperor! As all the Emperor's recent schemes of policy and conquest have ended in nothing but disaster and disgrace, he abdicates.

The Pope, the Turk, the King of France and the Protestant princes of the empire were once more arrayed against the Emperor, who formerly had imposed laws upon them all. The finances of Spain and of the other dominions of Austria are in a very bad shape, and the Emperor, the lord of Mexico and Peru, has been forced to beg a loan from the Duke of Florence, and the Protestant faith is spreading itself even in the dominions of the orthodox house of Hapsburg. No wonder the Emperor seized the opportunity to make for the long desired abode of

refuge. I am glad that he retires to the backwoods of Estramadura.

Yes. The Emperor's flight from Innsbruck, under the most trying circumstances, does not disgrace the Emperor. When Maurice, the Elector of Saxony, raised to his high station by the Emperor, turned traitor to the latter's cause, the Emperor was in a terrible plight; in fact, I think it was the most tragic event that ever fell to the lot of that great and mighty ruler. Without an army, without any friends, without financial means, and crippled by his ailments, the gout and the asthma, he had to be carried in a horse-litter on a dark and most tempestuous night on sumpter paths along the most fearful precipices and through the deep and tortuous ravines of the Tyrolean Alps. Valets with torches went along to show the cavalcade through that labyrinth of gorges and mountains.

Ans. I think it was but a just punishment, for the Emperor believed he had in the battle of Muhlb erg crushed down the cause of the Protestants, and he was assisted by the Elector of Saxony, indeed one of the cleverest and most courageous champions of Protestantism. But afterwards that young cunning fox served the old cunning fox, the Emperor, with his own tricks, trying, as he said, "to catch the old fox in his own burrow, Innsbruck."

Yes. But the Elector had to acknowledge "that he had no cage for such a bird;" but he did not need one as the imperial bird escaped.

Ans. But the Elector Maurice demanded from the Emperor, the latter being in a bad plight, religious peace to be established by special treaty, and he

got it; thus the Emperor for the first time had the experience of realizing that religious toleration and many other concessions had been wrested from him.

Yes. In the battle of Muhlberg the Emperor fought and subdued the Protestant princes not as Protestants but as rebels. You ought to have seen, friend Anselm, how the Emperor, in a magnificent accoutrement, elated and with the air of a victorious hero, galloped along his soldiers, greatly outnumbered by the enemy. His gilded helmet and his gilded armor glittered in the light of the rising sun, he carried in one hand a lance and with the other he worked his fierce and spirited Andalusian charger. His richly embroidered scarf and his crimson shabrack shone magnificently afar off, and he himself, elated with the hope of victory, seemed to defy all his ailments.

Ans. But the Emperor was strapped to his horse!

Yes. Friend Anselm, where did you learn this? I admit the fact; the Emperor was at that time suffering terribly from the gout.

You must admit, friend Anselm, that the Emperor often stayed the hands of the zealots of the church, and did he not set a fine example after the victorious battle of Muhlberg, when he, the victor, entered Wittenberg and was urged to have the remains of Luther disinterred? "I contend with the living not with the dead," he said.

Ans. If Luther had been still alive he would have fared badly, as the Emperor would have made it hot for him at the stake. It was nothing but stage play by the Emperor, because he knew it was no use to contend with the bones of the dead.

At present the Emperor is about to exchange the honors and cares of the throne for the religious seclusion of the cloister of Yusta, and he has prepared himself for that life of piety and repose by suggesting to his son Philip that he break his troth with the Infanta Mary of Portugal, the only child of the Emperor's most beautiful and favorite sister, Eleanor, and marry Mary Tudor who has inherited the crown of England. From her the Emperor got an early hint of her gracious willingness to become his second empress, but he transferred her hand to his son Philip. Does this not show that the Emperor is a cunning old fox?

Yes. Politics, politics, dear friend Anselm!

Ans. The Infanta Mary of Portugal had already suffered, when the Emperor was still a mere lad, because he drove her first love, Frederic Prince Palatine, from his court. Then the Emperor compelled her to marry Emanuel the Great, old and tottering on the brink of the grave; two years afterwards she became a widow; then the Emperor used her hand as a bait to flatter the hopes of the traitor Constable de Bourbon; next he used her as a means of obtaining the alliance of his captive, the King of France, and a most unhappy marriage resulted, as the King of France never forgot that he had signed the marriage contract in prison, and speedily forsook his new wife for the sake of mistresses new and old.

And the last act of the Emperor's brotherly love was, as I say, to instigate his own son to break his troth with the only daughter of the Emperor's favorite sister! Such is the honesty and sincerity of the Emperor!

His wisdom is great, indeed, because he committed our native country, the unfortunate Netherlands, to his other sister, a real amazon, who succeeded well in suppressing the Anabaptists and Lutherans.

Small wonder! a woman with an iron frame and an intrepid spirit, she had the hammer fist of her Polish ancestors, being able to drive with her fist a nail into a board; hunting and hawking were her delight; with unerring aim she brought down a deer, and, tucking up her sleeves and drawing her knife, she cut the animal's throat and ripped up its belly in as good a style as the best of the royal foresters. Sometimes hunting all night, she once galloped into Spa far ahead of her suite, although it was her tenth day in the saddle!

When the Emperor told the weeping crowd, "I, the first prince of Christendom, descend of my own free will forever from the first throne of the world," I could not help smiling, for at the same time that he, the most ambitious of princes, at fifty-six, descends from the throne, to turn monk and prepare for his grave, the most studious and ascetic of monks, Caraffa, becomes the most splendid and restless sovereign of Europe, being elected Pope at eighty, who pours forth against Spain torrents of the foulest abuse, denouncing the Spanish portion of his Christian flock as "heretics, schismatics, accursed of God, the spawn of Jews and Moors, the offscouring of the earth."

And what about King Philip, Master Vesalius, what can you expect from him? (*In a whisper*).

King Philip is dull, cruel and bigoted; his policy is timid and procrastinating, because he is fettered

by blind bigotry ; small wonder, because he inherited his church predilections from his father. He is pre-eminently the friend of the friars ; in his wretched cell adjoining the church of the Escurial he has lived the life of the severest asceticism. Ever reckless of the blood of the people, he is often to be seen on his knees, reverently dusting and polishing the golden reliquaries in which he has enshrined the bones of his saints.

Master Vesalius, it is a dangerous time, because Spain herself feels the shock of the moral earthquake of the religious reform movement in Germany, France, Italy and in England, more than that of the great Lisbon earthquake, and there is great fear that Spain may go astray and plunge into the howling wilderness of heresy and schism. Not only laymen, but even friars, priests and dignitaries of the church, have made solemn protest against the vices of the various orders of the priesthood, against the avarice and the dissolute lives of the monks, against oppressive prelates who are in open concubinage and heap preferment upon their bastards, and even against Rome itself, where all the iniquities are practised on an imperial scale and whence Europe is irrigated with ecclesiastical pollution.

Those who denounce such monstrous and crying evils enjoy for a while even the good will of the secular power ; even the Inquisition itself is no enemy to such reforms, as its chief business up till now has been to keep the Jews and the Moors under the yoke of enforced Christianity, but at present where the Spanish pens are busy at translating the scriptures, and the translations are extensively cir-

culated, the Inquisition has issued fresh laws, and enforces them with severity.

Yes. By dedicating my next publication to the king, I have hardly anything to fear!

Ans. The New Testament translated by Eminas and printed at Antwerp and dedicated to the Emperor was sufficient to send the poor author, in spite of his judicious choice of a patron, to prison at Brussels as a heretical perverter of the original text.

But at present such books and forbidden tracts are smuggled in bales by the muleteers over the mountains from Huguenot, Switzerland, or in casks by English and Dutch traders, but the chiefs of the black garrison seeing at once the full extent of their danger, at present the carnage is terrible.

And, Master Vesalius, don't forget King Philip is still more friendly to the Jesuits than is the Emperor.

Yes. The new confessor of the Emperor, Juan de Regla, with a good deal of rancor openly spoke of the Jesuits as an apt instrument of satan.

Ans. But the Emperor's prejudices were overcome and the feelings toward the Jesuits are now friendly, just as are those of the vehement old Pope, who at the start frowned on the order of the Jesuits as a thing of Spain and perdition; three hours of discourse with some of the ablest and most practised champions of Jesuitism had some effect upon the Emperor's mind, for the mighty ruler, slow to be convinced and hating any innovation, had fought for forty years a losing battle with the terrible monk of Saxony, Luther.

In spite of the torturing racks and in spite of the

flaming stakes the new faith has spread in Spain, and it might have spread even more generally had not the Jesuits appeared on the scene.

If you would only look over the rules that Loyola has laid down in his "regimen militaris ecclesiae," they are the quintessence of craft from a most subtle mind. All the rules are quite monarchical, and they establish many ranks or degrees, as among the soldiers.

While the primary object of almost all the monastic orders is to separate men from the world and its affairs, the Jesuits on the contrary mingle in all transactions of the world. They are chosen soldiers in the service of God, and of the Pope, his vicar on earth. They are exempted from all those functions and tedious offices, the performance of which is the principal business of the monks, and a spirit of action and intrigue is infused into all the members of the Jesuit order. Their practical aim is to gain influence in public and political affairs. The government of this order is, as I said, purely monarchical, their general possesses supreme power extending to every member, and to every case, and he can employ any member in whatsoever service he pleases. Under his directions they are mere passive instruments, like clay in the hands of the potter, or like dead carcasses incapable of resistance; they have to resign to their general the inclinations of their own free will. The aspirants have to go through a long training and a most careful examination of their endowments in order to ascertain what they are fit for. The craftiest, and otherwise best fitted, are ordered to courts of all sovereigns as confessional fathers and

as tutors of the princes, while the best scholars get positions at colleges and universities or serve their order as writers. The most enthusiastic are sent to foreign lands as missionaries.

Their manifold attainments and their apparent unselfishness make them liked by the people, who consider it a godsend that so many clever men offer their services without being asked, and teach the people without asking any remuneration. But there are other members of the order who are untiring in gathering riches in the way of bequests, legacies, donations and by trade transactions of their missionaries.

As confessors and tutors of the sovereigns they wield a most powerful influence, and they are extremely powerful and efficient in fighting the religious reform movement, especially in fighting the protestants in the interest of the Holy See.

“Back, back into the fold of the Romish Church” is their shibboleth, and their efficient though condemnable means to accomplish that end are trickery, intrigue and slander.

Yes. Indeed that means a most formidable body arrayed against our cause.

Ans. (*In a whisper.*) Master Vesalius, the Jesuits are even more effective than the Inquisition! I warn you do not accept the offer of the position as body physician of King Philip; this is my second warning! (*Exit Anselm.*)

(*Vesalius stands with arms entwined, lost in thought.*)

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Madrid, Vesalius' Library. Vesalius and Anselm.

Ans. Mind, Master Vesalius, the Emperor still rules, that is to say, from his grave. His trembling hand affixed the last stamp of authority, charging his son Philip by his love and for his salvation "to take care that the heretics were repressed and chastised with all publicity and rigor, without respect to persons and without regard to any plea in their favor." And then, in a dying condition, he said, "Ya, voy, Señor!" and with his eyes fixed on the cross he cried with a loud voice, "Ay Jesus!" and expired.

And just before, this pious monarch attired himself in sable weeds, and bearing a taper saw himself interred, celebrating his own obsequies; the funeral rites ended, the Emperor dined in his alcove.

Yes. I was in full hope, because in the spring of 1558 the Emperor's health was fairly restored.

Ans. Small wonder, Master Vesalius, because he had left off his sarsaparilla and licorice water.

The syrup-vinegar and manna which the doctors had allowed him seemed to aggravate rather than allay and they were obliged to allow him nine ounces of his favorite beer, which he drank eagerly and with apparent relish.

Yes. But the Emperor's dinner had as usual begun with a large dish of cherries and strawberries

smothered in cream and sugar; then he ate some highly seasoned pastry, and next the principal dish of his repast were some rashers of bacon, as the Emperor was very fond of the staple product of bacon cured in Estremadura.

The brighter a light the more conspicuous are flaws. The vast extent of his dominions in Europe, the wealth of his Transatlantic empire, the energy of his character, the sagacity of his mind, have made him the most famous monarch of our time, and men of the sword found him a bold cavalier.

Ans. Indeed a cavalier between the days of chivalry and the days of thinking and printing!

Yes. Even those men whose weapons were their tongues or their pens soon learnt that he was an astute and consummate politician.

In the prosecution of his plans and the maintenance of his power he shrank at no labor of mind or fatigue of the body. From Vienna to Cadiz, from the low countries to Italy, any unjust steward of the house of Austria was sure to see his misdeeds detected on the spot by the keen, cold eye of the indefatigable Emperor, and the Emperor's fame as a lover and patron of art stood as high at Antwerp and Toledo as at Venice and Nuremberg.

Ans. Francis, King of France, was the amiable King of scholarship and gallantry, the Emperor Charles of statecraft and cunning.

Yes. No doubt King Francis was oftener to be seen glittering in armour and at the head of the pageants of royalty, while the Emperor Charles was oftener in the trench and the field, donned with his battered mail and shabby accoutrements. And even

in his last campaign in Saxony, the cream-colored genet of the Emperor was ever in the van of battle.

Ans. Master Vesalius, you say the Emperor was the greatest monarch of our time, but in his will he says: "Let my sepulture be so ordered that the lower half of my body lie beneath, and the upper half before the high altar, that the priest who says mass may tread upon my head and my breast." But the clergy considered his corpse possessed of enough sanctity, so his coffin was allowed to encroach only on a small portion of the holy ground.

Yes. During the whole reign of the Emperor two opposing forces contended with each other—the trend of free inquiry on the one hand and on the other superstition and unreasoning conformity, represented by the church, and these great forces were personified in Luther and the Emperor. We have to contend with the prohibition of inquiry—we do not rely on legendary traditions, we do not believe in the idolatry of relics, the innovation of saints, the adoration of the Virgin Mary and in the merit attributed to voluntary sufferings.

On the throne the Emperor had not been by any means a religious fanatic, he confronted the Pope as boldly as King Francis, and held Pope Clemens, the Seventh, prisoner at Rome; the Protestants he fought rather as rebels than as heretics; but once within the walls of the cloister Yuste he assumed all passions, prejudices and superstitions of the monks.

Reviewing his past life he thanked God for the evils he had been permitted to do in the matter of religious persecution, and in sackcloth and ashes he repented for having kept his plighted word to a

heretic, to Luther, instead of cremating him at the stake. Religion paralyzed the strong will of the Emperor and his keen intellect fell grovelling in the dust.

Ans. During his reign the Emperor only showed tolerance where he did not feel strong enough to put down heterodoxy, but whenever he dared he was as fierce a persecutor as he wished; his "faith" led him to ferocious cruelties in the low countries and in Spain. The consequences of his measures were even worse than torture, because they kept permanently the most energetic nations in darkness and semi-barbarism. Thus "this great monarch" has virtually done more harm than good.

Yes. Immersed as he was in politics and in wars, ruling and even administering great and dissimilar kingdoms, surrounded by enemies both foreign and domestic, managing the home office and the foreign affairs of Germany, the Netherlands, Spain and Italy, providing and commanding their armies and their fleets, yet his principal business, which engrossed the most of his attention, was the working out of his own salvation. He was one of the ablest men of his age, indeed of any age. But he was afraid of inquiry into an erroneous doctrine, because he feared heresy might be implanted in him by discussion, and he considered an erroneous doctrine to be an injury to God and to man, a crime and a sin to be punished by a cruel death here and by eternal misery hereafter.

Ans "Therefore," he said, betraying his innermost nature, "the heretics must be burnt—not to burn them would be to incur the sin which I incurred when I suffered Luther to escape. I did not

put him to death, because I would not violate the promise I had given and the safe conduct of which I had assured him. But I was wrong. I had no right to forgive a crime against God. It was my duty without any regard to my promise to revenge the injury which his heresy had inflicted on God. I should have cut short his progress. It is very dangerous to talk with those heretics; they deceive you by their subtle and studied reasonings. Therefore, I never would enter into any discussion with them."

"Therefore," he added, "I introduced the Inquisition in the low countries in order to check the heresies that were imported from Germany, England, France and Switzerland. I had a decree issued that all persons, whatever their station, guilty of the opinions mentioned therein, should be burnt and their properties confiscated, that spies should be appointed to discover the guilty and denounce them to the courts in order that the obstinate might be burnt alive and the repentant beheaded." All which was done, and the Grand Inquisitor Vasquez, answering for the severity of the Inquisition, stated that as it was the cause of God he hoped for divine assistance.

At present, Master Vesalius, it is even dangerous to inquire into the mysteries of the holy office. There they know why in Spain alone 20,000 heretics have been burnt and 90,000 people banished; why, they make their own laws, and there only they know the nature and the amount of the evidence that is required and what doctrines are punishable by death or by perpetual imprisonment or by exile or by confiscation.

I have learned this much—that your anatomical

publications are also registered in the famous catalogue of prohibited books, as they have incurred the ill will of the Great Inquisitor Valdes.

Yes. Since the Emperor's sojourn in the cloister Yuste, seeking solitude and repose, the disasters of the vessel of state have greatly outnumbered and outweighed the successes and the Emperor dreads the arrival of every courier, and the dispatches announcing the destruction of the army of Oran lay unread on his table at the time of his death.

Ans. Master Vesalius, the Jesuit politicians have gained the ear not only of King Philip and the prelates, but of nearly all the other princes who had hitherto regarded the society of the Jesuits with coldness or even with enmity, and they speak through publications in every language of Europe. The discipline and precision of that intellectual machine is perfect, and it moves with unanimity, by the will of the general of those soldiers of religion.

Don't forget, Master Vesalius, that when the Archbishop of Carranza went from the cloister Yuste to Toledo, his enemy, the Grand Inquisitor Valdes, left no stone unturned to establish a case of heresy against him. Remember, Carranza had published a book at Antwerp, a catechism of Christianity, in which he reprobated heresy with the fiercest spirit of intolerant Romanism; he condemned the Bible if printed in a vulgar tongue; praised Spain as the one land where the fountain of truth was still unpolluted, and in his dedication to King Philip exhorted him to further precautions and extolled Mary Tudor as the saviour of the soul of England. And yet the Inquisitor has contrived to find material sufficient to

ruin the Archbishop Carranza. The rack, which so often agonized its victims into the wildest accusations against themselves, easily obtained a large mass of evidence against Carranza from heretics who pretended that he was the author or the accomplice of their sins against the true faith. Hope or fear brought also many voluntary denouncers to the councils of the Inquisitor. King Philip, entirely under the influence of the Grand Inquisitor Valdes, summoned the Archbishop Carranza to the court, and the trustees of the holy office arrested the prelate at night in bed, and King Philip who had but recently thrust the greatest honors upon the prelate Carranza now became eager to humiliate him.

Indeed, it is not difficult to guess who turned the King's mind into such utter and relentless hatred!

Yes. The king is afraid the religious reform movement may take the same course in Spain as in Germany; where they have done away not only with the formalities of bowings and kneelings, and the millinery of flower decorations, but also burst the bonds of spiritual tyranny.

Ans. The black catalogue of the misdeeds of that cruel bigot is appalling, and the superstition implanted at present in the minds of the people is most shocking. Spain will have to suffer for centuries to come from the after-effects of these outrages committed on the human reason. The black soldiers of the church allege now that their prayers restore health to the sick, sight to the blind, teeth to the toothless; their relics are potent in cases of fever and childbirth, flesh wounds and heart disease; and earthquakes both in Italy and Spain are appeased by

their invocations; Loyola's portrait sweated in a village church of New Granada for twenty-one days shortly before the death of the vice-roy; one of their bones relieved the parturient pangs of the Duchess of Uzeda, and another cured the ague of the pious Queen Margaret; they macerate bones, but if we do it, it is a capital sin and the "Holy Father" flings a bunch of fulminations in our face. The Inquisitor Torquemada sent the sorceress to the stake, yet protected himself from poison by keeping a piece of unicorn's horn on his table.

Yes. Indeed to stupefy the human mind, to implant in it the most nauseating superstition, to crush down scientific research and to commit any kind of outrage in the name of God, that is what they call the true faith.

Ans. The King, the Great Inquisitor Valdes and the relentless, unsparing butcher, the Duke d' Alva, are a fine trinity of champions of the true faith. Master Vesalius, don't forget that when King Philip returned to Spain and arrived at Valladolid, assuming the reins of government, this auspicious event was celebrated by an auto-da-fe, at which the balconies and the galleries were brilliantly filled with orthodox grandees feasting their eyes complacently upon the cruelties inflicted upon the heretical victims. It was at that very butchery that King Philip expressed the sentiment which so gladdened the hearts and strengthened the hands of the savage priesthood. When Don Corlos de Sesa, one of the noblest and best sufferers, passed beneath the royal balcony he appealed to the King to know the cause for which he was sentenced to die. "I would my-

self," said the King, "carry the wood to burn my son, were he a heretic like you!"

Well, Master Vesalius, I beg leave. I have to get some important information. (*Exit Anselm*).

Ves. My heart is bleeding and agonized to the point of death at the sight of such horrible crimes perpetrated under the name of Christianity. What a terrible struggle between the old faith and the new gospel!

I am overwhelmed with grief when I see thousands and thousands of people burnt at the stake and when I learn that other thousands suffer untold pains on the torturing rack or rot away in clammy dungeons. I should be in deadly despair did not three wondrous stars shed their brilliant and invigorating light on my dark and thorny path—my own dear Sylvia, my dear friend Anselm and my beloved science. (*Exit Vesalius*.)

SCENE II.

Vesalius and Sylvia, Later Anselm.

Ves. At last, dear Sylvia, I have accomplished all I was striving for. My treatise on anatomy, illustrated with Master de Kalkar's beautiful engravings, has established my fame all over Europe, and spread knowledge and enlightenment. To my high station in life, as the body physician of the late Emperor, and at present of King Philip, I owe my success, which has put an end to the intrigue of the medical

fraternity as well as to the malicious persecutions of the church.

The advice of our dear friend Anselm not to resign my professorship at the university of Padua, under the patronage of the illustrious Republic of Venice—well meant as it was—and his warning not to accept the offer of Emperor Charles V to serve as the chief surgeon of the imperial Netherlandish army, and all his misgivings, have been proved to be groundless. His belief and his fear do not come true—that said offer might be nothing short of a devilish scheme of the priestcraft, or of the spies of the Inquisition, or of the Jesuits, to lure me to the imperial court and thus into the snares of my deadly enemies.

But your prediction, dear *Sylvia*, that the splendor emanating from the great and mighty ruler, Emperor Charles V, would benefit my scientific researches has come true. Well, my fame is firmly established, but to crown my life and to give me a heavenly reward for all I have suffered I beg, dear *Sylvia*, "Do be my wife."

Sylvia. My dear friend, from the first moment we met my heart belonged to you to its last drop of blood. Here is my hand, Vesalius, to-morrow will be our wedding day.

(*Vesalius embraces and kisses Sylvia. Anselm enters.*)

Ves. Dear friend, Anselm, you are here at the proper time to congratulate us; to-morrow dear *Sylvia* will be my wife. Why, friend Anselm, it seems you are rather slow with your congratulations!

Sylvia. Friend Anselm is bewildered by the glad

tidings. I have some orders to issue, but I shall soon be back. (*She goes.*)

Yes. Friend Anselm it appears as if you must have good reasons for holding back with your congratulations. What is the matter?

Ans. All of us are in great danger, and I advise taking to flight as soon as possible! The iron arm of the Inquisition is reaching out to take firm hold of us! In fact, I think we are all lost!

Yes. Dear friend Anselm, you see specters! Even if it were as you say, the members of the Tribunal of the Inquisition belong to the order of the begging friars and are responsible to the higher courts.

Ans. (*Laboring under suppressed excitement and speaking in constrained voice.*) I admit the members of the Inquisition belong to the order of the begging friars, but they claim independence of their superiors and insist upon the right to elect their own subaltern officers and representatives. With the exception of the Pope the Inquisitors are not responsible to anybody. What the Pope thinks about the heretics as a whole, and about you, Master Vesalius, in particular, you can easily imagine.

Yes. At any rate the Inquisitors are responsible to their own conscience!

Ans. Supposing that they have one! Their tenets, it is true, read as you say, Master Vesalius.

Yes. Dear friend Anselm, it seems as if you were trying to scare me.

Ans. Far from that! I simply warn you. You have been exposed for a long time to the dazzling sun of the imperial and royal court of the mightiest rulers of Christendom and for that reason you do not

see the danger that is brewing; the intrigues of the black cowls are becoming bolder day by day.

Ves. The King's powerful arm will be strong enough to protect me against the malice and wiles of my enemies!

Ans. Although his dominions are so vast that the sun never sets within them, the sun of enlightenment has not even risen and will never rise within him. (*He looks about him and whispers.*) King Philip is the worst enemy of enlightenment, and—

Ves. Well, Anselm, what do you mean?

Ans. The royal splendor prevents you from seeing that the stake has already been piled up to cremate you.

Ves. What ought I to do, friend Anselm.

Ans. Pray descend from your high and splendid position and the hatred of the medical fraternity and of the Spaniards will cease, and thus the number of your enemies will dwindle down to half. Of course the deadly enmity of the church will always be your portion.

Ves. If I step out of the magic circle of the royal sun I shall be instantly annihilated by the Inquisition!

Ans. Master Vesalius, let us take to flight!

Ves. Once again to go out of the way of the black hydra! I have taken flight more than once, and have failed to escape! That monster is everywhere, and I am now of the same opinion as you—that the Inquisition has spread its snares and extended its espionage over all Europe; everywhere we encounter their spies, every exponent of independent thought is hunted to death. Like moles the agents of the

Inquisition ceaselessly engage in their nefarious work, until suddenly and unexpectedly the strong and merciless arm of the Inquisition reaches out of the dark and seizes its victim. From it there is no escape.

From their records, most carefully kept, as soon as opportunity offers, they draw their material for the indictment of whole families, and often the accused ones are surprised at the pointing out of small offenses which they scarcely recollect themselves.

Ans. Let us take to flight, Master Vesalius. Let us take refuge in the new discovered world. There we shall find a spot where we can get some peace; at Cadiz there is a craft ready to set sail for the New World.

Even the mightiest King of Christendom, King Philip, can not protect you. Of a frowning and despotic character he has been educated by monks, and, instigated by the Jesuits, he harbors an irreconcilable hatred against any kind of religious reform movement. He is the head of the federation of the Catholic faith, and, therefore, he can not protect you even if he wants to, and—

Yes. Well, "and—"

Ans. Oh, Master Vesalius, don't ask me! The King is not able to protect you any longer, and perhaps he will not protect you any longer!

Yes. Well, then I am doomed! I do not fear death, as I shall suffer for the sake of free thought and for the liberty of belief and conscience. The two martyrs of truth, Huss and Savanarola, have died a glorious death, setting an admirable example to the whole world! I will stay right here in Madrid, friend Anselm.

Ans. You know, Master Vesalius, everybody is bound to denounce whatever he or she learns about heresy; everybody who fails to do so, is to be considered a heretic and treated as such! The rules read that he or she who gets acquainted with a heretic without denouncing him is liable to capital punishment. A woman at Toulouse frightened to death by such rulings of the Blood Tribunal falsely denounced 169 persons as heretics!

Another ruling reads that all those who denounce their accomplices will escape punishment, and will even be rewarded.

Yes. Well, I know that my friend Anselm will not choose that way to escape punishment!

Ans. Master Vesalius, recently all the inhabitants of Madrid have been invited to denounce all those whom they suspect of not having the right faith or of living in another manner than the rest of the inhabitants!

All those who do not obey that admonition are *ipso facto* ex-communicated and the annulment of ex-communication can only be made by the Inquisition. I know for certain that both of us have been denounced not only as suspected heretics, but for being well known believers in the new faith, and the proceedings of the Inquisition against us are imminent! Master Vesalius, have you not as a physician treated some heretics?

Yes. Indeed, I have.

Ans. This puts you under another indictment, and he who is under such an indictment is very rarely dismissed. The rules of the Inquisition read that "the physician who treats a heretic is as guilty

as the patient who gets the advice of a heretical physician."

Yes. I am going to see my friend Mercado, the most famous jurist and lawyer in Madrid. I thank you, my dear friend Anselm, with all my heart for your good and timely advice.

Ans. Oh, Master Vesalius, listen! You forget that Pope Innocent III. has forbidden any lawyer to defend heretics, or even well-wishers of heretics! You forget, Master Vesalius, that this interdict issued during the thirteenth century has been maliciously interpreted and stretched, and, therefore, no lawyer dares defend any one indicted for heresy, for in such event the lawyer runs the risk of being proceeded against as a heretic himself!

Have the Inquisitors not repeatedly admonished against placing reliance upon the chicanery of lawyers and altogether against upholding firm rules and formalities?

Therefore, you the accused, will be confronted with the Inquisitors of the Blood Tribunal without any protection; no witnesses will confront you, as this is done very rarely, and, besides, the Blood Tribunal is bound to the greatest reticence and all the proceedings of the execution of the sentence are enveloped in the darkest secrecy. One of the authorities of the Inquisition teaches: "Also the Lord has secretly tried Adam and Eve and has not permitted the serpent to defend them, neither has he summoned any witnesses."

Yes. I feel the venomous breath of the black hydra; the coils of the Inquisition are tightening around the whole world! Shall I now give way to

my enemies? No indeed! I have devoted my life to the contest of securing to mankind the most sacred of blessings, the freedom of thought and conscience, and (*lifting up his hands*) upon my solemn oath I shall be faithful to my oath until I breathe my last! And I shall not shrink from suffering torture and death!

Ans. Although the Canon Law forbids the forcing of an avowal by torture, the torture is employed in spite of the Canon Law in all cases of heresy, to the fullest extent and with unheard of cruelty.

Besides the torture, the Tribunal of the Inquisition makes use of imprisonment in clammy dungeons, aggravated by fasting, and indicted persons have been kept in prison for years and have been ultimately tortured on the rack or by fasting until they confessed. Many of them are forced to fast for days and are then given strong wine in order that being drunk they may then become communicative.

Yes. My whole life is an avowal of my principles and of my belief!

Ans. Indeed, Master Vesalius, your whole life is a confession of your heresy, a bold public self-indictment, an unconditional avowal; consequently they do not need to torture a confession out of you.

Yes. The flaming stake is a torch that throws its light into future centuries; to die as a martyr of the truth is not too high a price.

Ans. But you are not sure to die a martyr's death at the stake. They have frequently held prisoners for years, and even for tens of years, until lost to the world, and after such a time cremated them at the stake!

Imprisonment for life, chastising, fasting, pilgrimages, fines, the bearing of badges of infamy, are meted out only to those who repent, and you, Master Vesalius, might have very good reason to repent, or at least to feign repentance!

Yes. What in the world is the matter with you, friend Anselm! How can you entertain such strange thoughts?

Ans. Master Vesalius, you forget that Pope Innocent IV. has pronounced it laudable if parents denounce their children, children their parents, married women their husbands or their lovers. And if not reported within one year after the heresy is discovered the innocent and the guilty party shall be treated alike!

Any member of the family or a servant of the indicted one is acceptable as a witness, and his or her testimony is considered to be very valuable if it is of a damaging nature; if their testimony is favorable for the defendant it is not held to be of much worth. In addition, any testimony favorable to the defendant can be withdrawn at any time, but not so any damaging testimony.

Yes. Don't be alarmed either about me or about yourself. The Canon Law forbids the torturing of the defendant, and he who has been put on the rack in spite of that law has the right of appeal to the Pope.

Ans. Pray, Master Vesalius, the same Canon Law forbids the clergy to take active part in the torturing and execution of heretics, although the priests might be considered more trustworthy in that respect than the laymen.

But Pope Hadrian IV. found an expedient by granting the Inquisitors and their helpmates the right of absolving one another in case of transgressing that law. As in the statutes forbidding the torturing of the defendants only the latter are mentioned, they fiercely torture the witnesses if they do not give the testimony that the Inquisitors want.

Yes. No doubt, friend Anselm, you have thoroughly studied the fearful system of the Inquisition, but, mind, do not fear the possibility of being summoned as a witness against me, as I can at any time appeal to the Pope.

Ans. Those who are to be tortured can not appeal to the Pope but only those who have been tortured, but the Pope is far away, and the expenses incurred in an appeal to the Curia in Rome are so enormous that but few are able to appeal, and even a favorable decision of the Pope can never undo the excruciable agony suffered on the rack. (*Placing his hands upon his heart.*) Master Vesalius, you ought to know that Anselm does not plead for his own sake, as his life is devoted to you and he is at any time ready and prepared to sacrifice it for the sake of his friends, but for your own sake Vesalius, and for the sake of the guiding star of your life, for Sylvia's sake! As soon as the torturers take hold of me I know my time has come, and (*pulling a small vial out of his pocket and flourishing it*) I know what I have to do!

I do not plead for myself when I say "let us take flight before it is too late!" And if you do not follow my advice, Master Vesalius, your soul will suffer the most excruciating agony because you will realize

that you have caused an innocent being to be put on the rack.

Ves. What do you mean, friend Anselm?

Ans. I mean to say (*hesitatingly*) that you will cause Sylvia to be placed on the torturing rack, as she will be summoned as a witness against you.

Ves. (*Thunderstruck.*) For heaven's sake, friend Anselm, the mere thought beclouds my intellect!

Ans. Sylvia is in immediate danger! She has been closely watched!

Ves. If so, friend Anselm, let us flee at once. I go to see Duke d' Alva.

Ans. Don't do that, I beg you, Master Vesalius!

Ves. Duke d' Alva has always been true to the late Emperor, and was a faithful adherent of the Emperor in his declining days.

Ans. Duke d' Alva is a fanatical demon, a fit instrument of any kind of violence! Look at his high brazen forehead, his deep-sunk sparkling eyes, his stubborn and revengeful character. Presiding over the fearful court of the Blood Tribunal he feels comfortable.

Ves. You forget, friend Anselm, that Duke d' Alva has always been considered the flower of Spanish chivalry, and, in addition, he has gained a splendid military renown, and wherever the impossible was to be done, Alva was called upon, and it was through him that successes were achieved in Africa, Italy, Hungary and the Netherlands. To his daring courage was due the victory in the battle of Muhlberg, where he triumphed over the hesitating wisdom of the Emperor. Against the heretics, such

as he holds the Protestants to be, he is, I admit, governed by the utmost fanaticism, and that means to him the upholding of the sacred cause of God. No doubt his noble mind has hardened by war and diplomacy and they have rendered him capable of committing the most bloody deeds.

Ans. Indeed, (*in a whisper,*) his acts have degenerated into acts of tyranny and cruelty. In fact, Duke d' Alva is the most cruel bloodhound of the Spanish Inquisition and I fear you will soon have to face him.

Yes. Then I am going to see His Majesty, King Philip!

Ans. For heaven's sake, don't do that! Listen, listen, Master Vesalius! Don't you remember that when, the other day, Don Carlos de Sesa, one of the noblest and best of sufferers, passed beneath the royal balcony to the flaming stake, he appealed to the King to know the cause for which he was sentenced to die, King Philip said: "I should myself carry the wood to burn my own son, were he a heretic like you."

Ans. Don't do that, this is my last appeal! (*Exit Vesalius.*)

(*Anselm, seeing that his advice is not heeded, stops short and with arms folded stands wrapped in thought, then pressing his hands to his face, and with signs of great mental agony, he departs. In a moment a secret closet hidden in the pedestal of one of the statues, adorning the library, opens, and the Dominican friar sneaks out and spies about.*)

Friar. "Indeed it is to take flight ere it is too late." Well, this time it is too late!

Vesalius, the heretic, and his bewitching fay
Are now quite ripe for an auto-da-fe!

Just this minute a wonderful, diabolical idea strikes me; if cleverly managed even the devil can be pressed into the service of the Holy Church!

I am going to denounce Vesalius for having dissected one of the ladies at court while her heart was still beating. Such tricks take a wonderful effect upon the Spanish credulous rabble who have been brought up and leavened by the "black cowls." The end justifies the means! (*Exit.*)

SCENE III.

Madrid. Philip II., King of Spain, in His Apartments.

The King. (*Musing.*) I wonder if Vesalius is going to renounce. I think he will not. I am afraid this will be his last audience; he is doomed.

(*The King touches a bell, page enters.*)

The King. Where is Vesalius?

(*The page draws the portiere, Vesalius enters.*)

The King. (*Frowning.*) The world is out of gear and my empire is in a turmoil; even St. Peter's throne is shaken to its foundation.

It is satan's artifice that has infected the souls of my subjects with the rankest heresy.

Ves. Majesty, some people think it is the irresistible force of new truths that shakes Europe in every quarter, and truth is invincible.

The King. Satan has not anything in common with truth, he is the prince of falsehood.

It is his hellish artifice that has caused all dominions where the Holy Cross is worshipped to be visited with spiritual leprosy, with heresy. Satan is pulling hard on the chains with which he is shackled; it is he who has woven the intricate fabric of lies which the people are made to believe under the name of a new gospel. It is nothing but a renewed attempt of the prince of darkness to regain full sway over the world!

On studying the fate of whole nations, and the holy scriptures and traditions, we notice not only the hand of the Lord but are also shocked by the power the devil still possesses.

Yes. I think he has full sway only over the minds of those people who believe in him. I have time and again asked myself whether the prince of darkness is not but a nightmare of intimidated minds, or, maybe, a mere concoction of schemers.

The King. Your remark, Vesalius, shows that you have been for too long a time exposed to the atmosphere of Flanders and Germany, both countries being seriously infected by the virulent contagion of heresy.

In addition, it seems you have forgotten that even the powerful protection you enjoy as my body physician is limited at least in one direction; in the realm of the Holy Church I cease to be a King and am but a devoted Christian.

Who has fanned to flame the war of the Hussites in Bohemia? Who has carried the torch of civil war into holy France? Who has shaken my empire to

its foundation, who other than the disciples of that hellish artifice called the new faith!

Is there any country the equal of my dominion, with its financial resources? Is not my empire so vast that the sun never sets within its boundaries? And has not God the Almighty opened for the worshippers of the Holy Cross the inexhaustible gold mines of Peru and Mexico, in order to defend the realm of the Lord against the machinations of the devil?

Is there another empire with the unlimited political power of the Spanish monarchy? All these tremendous political resources I am going to employ against the Queen Elizabeth of England, that heretic that protects my Protestant subjects and that has placed herself at the head of that religious party to destroy which I have stirred heaven and earth.

Don't you realize, Vesalius, that the devil's hand is in all this?

Yes. The liberation of the people from the restraint imposed upon their faith and conscience might perhaps harmonize present discordant opinions.

The King. This is the language of the backsliders, who have either abandoned the true faith or been deluded into adoption of new-fangled and unsound doctrines, and led on to heresy by the *ignis fatuus* called science.

If I did not count you among the latter, Vesalius, you would have felt a long time ago the iron arm of the Holy Inquisition.

I esteem and cherish your medical skill, Vesalius. You listen to the beats of my heart, while I am listening to the throbbing of the hearts of whole

nations, ruled by this, my hand. I often spend sleepless nights thinking of and planning for the religious interests and welfare of the souls of millions of my subjects, even of those in the remotest parts of my vast dominion.

The mysteries that envelope the innermost life of the soul, and the happiness of the heart, are no subjects for your scalpel, Vesalius; you can dissect a heart, but you cannot dissect a soul.

What you cannot cure you cut off, the welfare of the soul needs more subtle remedies than steel. Your draughts and your salves cannot comfort a soul lacerated by remorse, nor can your blood-letting relieve a soul surfeited with a plethora of unsound doctrines.

To cure the ailments of the soul we have no use for your mixtures, but we need the healing agencies of religion; confession and repentance of sin, penitence and remission of sins, are our remedies.

In my exalted position I need a man of matters of fact, but not a high-flying visionary. (*Raising his voice.*) The pestilence of heresy has taken hold of my subjects and I will give those who have been led astray a fearful object lesson and try to bring back straying souls into the fold of the Holy Church. My criminal courts will be heard of the world over. Instead of bullfights my subjects shall have numberless auto-da-fe's.

Yes. I venture to say that it may prove an impossibility to check the spring that comes forth to rejuvenate the world; we can hem in the onward stride of progress, but we cannot stop it.

Your Majesty would bestow the greatest boon upon

your subjects by granting them liberty of belief. Tens of thousands of Your Majesty's subjects flee from your dominion to England and she receives them with the open arms of a mother. Those emigrants comprise those possessed of the most gifted minds and the most skilled hands. Thus Your Majesty loses valuable subjects, who tend greatly to make England prosperous. The Englishmen are overjoyed at seeing their enemies, Your Majesty's subjects, bleeding to death from self-inflicted wounds.

The King. It is nothing else save the heretic movement that makes the Spanish sovereignty, or the Spanish yoke, as they call it, intolerable to them. It is the so-called Reformation that gave those miscreants the courage and the financial means to rebel. Is it the heralding of a new truth, as you call it, that has caused the Confederation of the Protestant States? No indeed, it is not the irresistible force of a revealed truth that has caused the chaos; the chaos has been brought about because the people believed the new heretical faith to be true.

The abuses of the church as regards indulgence, and the often arrogant demands of the church, may have aroused the minds of the people, but the abuse of the rights and customs of the church does not prove that those divine tenets and time-honored customs have ceased to be true and rightful.

It was the alluring idea of becoming independent of Rome and Madrid; and moreover, in addition, it was the unquenchable and insatiable greed for the spoil to be derived from the secularization of the richest convents, of charitable and religious institutions, that made sovereigns desirous of the "im-

proved" religion. It was a mere political scheme, a state affair pure and simple, but not a religious one.

If my beloved father, the Emperor Charles V., the most powerful ruler of the world, but intoxicated by his unlimited power, had not attacked the prerogatives and privileges of the assembly of the States of Germany, there would not have been any Federation of Protestants for the protection of religious liberty.

In Germany the religious schism has been followed by a political secession, and a confederacy of the Protestants has been established under the pretext of preventing political suppression. That confederacy of Protestants must be annihilated; it is the will of the Lord. I am his humble tool and have the mission to carry out the plan of the Lord. My arms have received the blessing of the vicar of the Lord, the Holy father in Rome.

In France it was the frantic ambition of the Princes Conde and Coligni that placed them at the head of the Calvinistic heretics.

Moreover, it was not only the policy of various governments that took advantage of the heretical movement, but private greed, too, took advantage of the "new faith," and the Netherlands refused to pay the levy of the tenth and twentieth penny. This "new faith" of not fulfilling one's duty and of refusing to pay taxes is indeed more comfortable than the old faith. (*Raising his voice.*) It is your kind of faith, Vesalius, that has started the rebellion in the Netherlands!

The nations believe they are fighting for a new truth, while in fact they wage their battles from the lust of power of their sovereigns and for their desire

of increasing their dominions. Those sovereigns embrace the new faith, as it is the "sesame" that opens the pockets of their subjects.

The misled people put whole armies, raised at their own expense, at the disposal of their respective sovereigns, and believe that they shed their blood for the truth, while, in fact, they wage their battles from the greed for booty and for the exclusive advantage of their rulers.

The common people are children and need guardianship for their bodily as well as for their spiritual welfare. They need men who have the power either to bless or condemn them.

Vesalius, you have been led astray. I am sorry for you!

*(The King signifies the end of the audience.
Exit Vesalius.)*

SCENE IV.

Ante Chamber of King Philip. Duke d' Alva, Spanish Grandees, Grand Inquisitor, Vesalius.

Duke d' Alva. (Speaking with a sneering tone to Vesalius, as he departs from the royal apartments.) Well Vesalius, have you succeeded in converting His Gracious Majesty to your so-called new truth? I doubt it.

Ves. I expect and demand that Your Highness treat me with the esteem due to me according to Spanish custom and ceremonial. It is to the credit of a gentleman to so conduct himself.

Duke d' Alva. For Flanders we do not need Spanish ceremonial, and for the Netherlands, where you hail from, we write down Spanish laws with the sword; we teach by the wound we inflict; blood is the ink we use and blood is a remedy much more efficient than all your remedies.

The Lord sits in judgment in heaven, and we dispense justice on earth. (*He touches his sword, making it clank.*) This is the scalpel I use to cut open the plague boils of heresy. (*He strikes once more his sword.*) This is my scythe, with which I mow down the luxuriant growth of wild oats of the new gospel and lay low in broad swath the followers of its new and false doctrines.

And here are my prescriptions. (*He takes a large portfolio out of a pocket of his doublet.*) Look here, four hundred well counted death warrants, signed in advance by His Majesty, and to be used in your native land, the low countries.

What well-meaning advice does not cure, the sword will cure; and what cannot be cured by the sword will be cured by the flaming stake. You see, Vesalius, I am in fact the body-physician of our Most Gracious King; I know how to treat efficiently the plague of heresy, even so, if the body-physician of our Gracious Monarch turns out to be himself a heretic.

Yes. Duke, did you ever try to feel like a human being?

Duke d' Alva. Yes; for once I was what you call a human being. In other words, I was scared, and being scared is not d' Alva's way. Not to be afraid of anything—that is d' Alva's nature.

Let all the heretics of Europe have one head and d'Alva and his sword will do the rest. Pile up a stake sky high, and have all the heretics, including you, Vesalius, seated on it, and without the flutter of eye-lash I shall fling the firebrand on that pile and enlighten the world in my way. And this is also the way His Gracious Majesty is thinking.

I am a good Christian, and I am at any time ready and prepared to do everything for the glory of the Lord and for the comfort of our Most Gracious King. And you Vesalius, do you remember the time when you were the Surgeon General in the Netherlandish army of Emperor Charles V.?

Yes. Certainly, I do.

Duke d'Alva. And is the name Aquila still in your mind?

Yes. I know whom you mean.

Duke d'Alva. Well, I want to call to your recollection the fact that Caspar Aquila was chaplain in the imperial Netherlandish army, and at the time I refer to refused to baptize a cannon ball which the sportful but faithful soldiers asked him to do that they might shoot it into the camp of the heretics. His refusal to do so caused the soldiers to suspect him of heresy, and they resolved to put him into one of the big mortars and send him, instead of the cannon ball, into the camp of the backsliders, but the powder had become moist and so they could not touch him off.

It was you who urged the soldiers to pull that heretic out of the mortar, otherwise the soldiers would have got some dry powder to send that eagle on his flight high in the air. But, you have only to

go over to the Santa Casa; there you will find, booked in the archives of the Holy Inquisition, your whole career from start to finish.

Remember, further, that when Emperor Charles V, after the battle at Muhlberg, on his way to Suabia, passed through Thuringia in the heart of Germany the Countess Katharine procured a letter of protection from the Emperor to protect her subjects from what they might have to suffer from the Spanish army marching through her territory.

It was you, Vesalius, who entreated the Emperor to grant that letter of protection, and one of the proteges of the Countess was that arch-heretic Aquila, formerly a chaplain of the imperial Netherlandish army!

Yes, Vesalius, among those reformatory birds that enjoyed the protection of the Countess Katharine I had ferreted out that gallow-bird, Casper Aquila, whom you assisted out of the big mortar in which the soldiers had placed him. That former chaplain of the imperial army in the Netherlands was then a preacher of the heretics at a town by the name of Salfield, near the castle of the countess, and I had promised a reward of five thousand florins for his capture, as that bold heretic had attacked from the pulpit the Interim of the Emperor Charles V. in a most shocking manner. This time not only the mortar was at hand into which to crowd that scoundrel and make him soar up to the sky, but this time the powder was dry. Alas! instead of meeting his well-deserved death, that bird escaped once more!

I admit that at the castle of the Countess Katharine I trembled with fear for the first time in my life,

being completely cut off from my army, but now, Vesalius, your time has come to tremble!

(*At that moment the Grand Inquisitor lays his hand on Vesalius' shoulder.*)

Grand Inquis. This is the heavy iron arm of the Holy Inquisition. From this very moment your life is in jeopardy.

(*A portiere is drawn and four halbardiers approach Vesalius, chain him and lead him away.*)

Duke d' Alva. (Turning to the Grand Inquisitor.) I congratulate you and all the lands where the Holy Cross is worshipped upon the exactness and wonderful precision with which the admirable machinery of the Holy Inquisition does its work!

The Grandees. (Bowing.) We, too, congratulate Your Highness upon your holy work! Long live the Holy Inquisition for the benefit of the Holy Church and for the higher glory of the Lord!

SCENE V.

Vesalius Before the Tribunal of the Inquisition.

Grand Inquisitor. Vesalius you are indicted for having committed a number of capital sins. Do you plead guilty?

Yes. Plead guilty? What am I indicted for?

Gr. Inquis. All the crimes you have committed are recorded in the archives of the Holy Inquisition at the Santa Casa, and in addition they have been established by witnesses.

Yes. Who are the witnesses who testified against me; why do you not confront me with them?

Gr. Inquis. It is not customary to summon witnesses to appear before this Holy Tribunal. The truth of your record in the Santa Casa is beyond all doubt, and more than sufficient to sentence you to death. In fact, you ought to have seven lives to expiate by capital punishment the sins you have committed.

It is not customary to tell the defendant the names of witnesses, in your case especially you had better not ask for the names of the witnesses who have testified against you and whom you wish to be confronted with.

Yes. I insist upon being confronted with them.

Gr. Inquis. I repeat you have no right to ask for that; you have been accused and found guilty of heresy and your life is forfeited. Are you ready and prepared to renounce all your teachings and to burn all your manuscripts?

Yes. I won't do that.

Gr. Inquis. If that is the case you cannot entertain hope of any mercy. A man facing death and refusing mercy acts not only cruelly unto himself, but adds to the embarrassment of his friends. One of the witnesses who testified against you is also guilty of heresy; his name is Anselm.

Yes. (*Thunderstruck.*) Impossible!

Gr. Inquis. There is no such word to be found in the realm of the Holy Inquisition.

Yes. Treachery of such a friend is an impossibility!

Gr. Inquis. Anselm is not only your accuser, but also your accomplice.

Ves. I am sure he is not my accuser!

Gr. Inquis. Anselm has not renounced and has been found guilty as an arch-heretic of the worst kind. Your refusal to renounce your heresy and to incinerate your manuscripts precipitates his fate.

You seem to believe that we are not in earnest, mark and let it be a warning to you. (*He touches a bell on the table, and instantly a great tumult arises outside of the court room, the door of which is pushed open and a number of halbardiers usher in Anselm, treating him most roughly; his hands are tied to his back and a rope is fastened around his neck; at sight of this fearful proceeding Vesalius covers his face with his hands.*)

Ans. (*Shouting as he goes past.*) Hail to science and free thought! No recantation! I am on my last legs; Master Vesalius, *moriturus te salutat!*

Ves. Good bye, good bye, my dear own friend Anselm.

(*Shortly after Anselm has been pushed out of a door on the opposite side a sickening thud is heard.*)

Gr. Inquis. The mills of the Holy Tribunal are grinding fast. It was a hard thud, meaning that Anselm's hard head has been laid to his feet; he has got what he deserved. He did not recant his heresy in spite of being put three times on the rack. And look here at this vial he had hidden in his ear, with the aid of its poisonous contents he was to commit another crime, intending to commit suicide. You see, Vesalius, we are in earnest. Are you now prepared to recant your heresy and burn all your manuscripts?

Ves. Most certainly not! you have murdered my friend Anselm.

Gr. Inquis. It is your own fault that precipitated his fate; if you had recanted, his life might have been spared.

Yes. What are the indictments brought against me?

Gr. Inquis. You are indicted for and have been convicted of grave-robbery, perpetrated at Louvain in the Netherlands. Here (*pointing to a human thigh bone*) lies the *corpus delicti*. This is a crime deserving capital punishment. You remember this is the os femoris you flourished at Paris in the auditorium of Professor Sylvius?

At the same place, at Louvain, where you plundered the gallows and graves, you thrust your sword through an altar piece, and while committing that sacrilege you were uttering the rankest heresies, slandering the holy church and abusing the priesthood.

At Paris you committed another felony, eulogizing the astronomical discoveries of the heretic, Copernicus, who denies the truth of the astronomical teachings of the Bible. He did well dying within the same year, otherwise he would have breathed his last at the stake.

In addition, you have been indicted and convicted of having indulged in a most shocking conversation on the border of the Rhine, above Basel, and of trying to kill a Dominican friar who overheard your conversation.

Furthermore, you are guilty of having delivered the rankest heretical eulogy in favor of all the arch-heretics, Luther, Melanchton, Zwingli, and others, when you were tendered an ovation by the students of Padua and adorned with the laurel wreath that lies in front of you.

As the records of the Holy Inquisition show you have committed another capital sin by rendering your professional services to heretics.

Seventh, you have committed still another crime deserving capital punishment, to wit: You dissected the body of one of the ladies at court of our most Gracious Majesty, though her heart was still beating!

Yes. What an infernal lie!

Gr. Inquis. Thus the records in the archives of the Holy Inquisition in the Santa Casa show that you have committed seven capital sins and you ought to have seven lives to expiate them. The fulmination of the Pope is imminent. Well, are you willing to recant all your heretical teachings and burn all your manuscripts? We have seized them and they are here on the table just in front of you.

Yes. I have nothing to recant; all that I have taught in word and print I can prove to be true.

Gr. Inquis. Are you going to send still another accuser and accomplice of yours over the rack into death? Look over there!

(In the background a black portiere is drawn and a torture chamber is visible, in the background of which appears Sylvia, standing between two torturers. Her head is bandaged with a white blood-stained cloth; on the back wall of the torture-chamber hangs a large crucifix; on one side is a torturing rack, on the other a torturing contrivance known as the Spanish virgin.)

Yes. (He covers his face and trembles with deadly agony.) Sylvia!

Sylvia. (With trembling voice.) My dear friend Vesalius!

Gr. Inquis. This, Vesalius, is another accuser and accomplice of yours. On the rack she has admitted that all is true that has been recorded in the archives of the Holy Inquisition as regards your misdeeds.

Sylvia. I did not admit anything of the sort.

Gr. Inquis. We are going to have this daughter of the Netherlands enjoy an embrace of what they call the Spanish Virgin! (*He points towards the fearful instrument of torture.*) And what such embrace means, Vesalius, you need not be told; nobody escapes alive from such embrace, because hundreds of daggers are set to work piercing the victim's chest.

Well, Vesalius, I think you have changed your mind and are now ready to recant all your heretical teachings and burn all your manuscripts.

Sylvia. Do not recant, my dear friend Vesalius. I am willing to suffer any amount of torture and meet death at any moment.

Ves. (*Reaching out his arms toward Sylvia, and speaking under his breath.*) The black hydra has won. I realize with what *Sylvia* is threatened if I do not recant. It is this torturing of my soul, designed by the most satanic cunning, that crushes me.

Gr. Inquis. Take up your manuscripts and throw them into the fire!

Ves. Am I not allowed to keep one of them! It means the labor of a life-time, and it has been written with my life-blood.

Gr. Inquis. The more it deserves to be incinerated, and to keep this one would-not-do-you-any-good.

(*Vesalius hesitatingly takes up the manuscripts.*)

Gr. Inquis. Make haste! You have sacrificed Anselm, and his last greeting, "Moriturus te salutat," still rings in your ears. If you hesitate, the next greeting will be "Moritura te salutat," for up till now no living being has been liberated alive from the "Spanish Virgin."

Yes. You are the chief exponent of religious superstition and fanaticism, you are advocating and promoting the thraldom of the human mind. You are the excutioner of truth and justice, you are not only a tool of Satan but the embodiment of the anti-Christ!

This is the age of the bondage of thought and of conscience. Future generations will be thankful for our martyrdom. The consequences of your devilish misdeeds will be an awful curse resting upon all those generations to come that are possessed of the same religious fanaticism. (*He throws the manuscripts into the fire.*)

(*To himself.*) Now Sylvia is saved! (*The curtain is drawn to.*)

Gr. Inquis. Do you recant, Vesalius?

Yes. I do.

Gr. Inquis. I am sorry that you have only one life to spare to expiate one of the many capital sins you have committed. I herewith sentence you to capital punishment, to be cremated tomorrow at the stake.

(*An outcry of agony is heard from behind the curtain.*) Prepare yourself to face death.

(*Enter a messenger of the King, placing a document with the seal of the King on the table in front of the Grand Inquisitor.*)

Messenger. I am here by the command of his most Gracious Majesty, the King of Spain, Philip II, in order to witness the publication of this letter of pardon in the presence of Andreas Vesalius, late body-physician of our most Gracious Majesty, Philip II, King of Spain.

Gr. Inquis. (*Breaking the seal and unfolding the document, reads.*)

I, Philip II, King of Spain, pardon Andre Vesalius of the capital punishment to which he has been sentenced, in order to give him time to repent his misdeeds and in order to give him an opportunity to do penitence by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. May God the Almighty show mercy and pity upon the perpetrator of so many misdeeds.

Signed,

PHILIP, II, *King of Spain.*

SCENE VI.

Vesalius Among the Alps of Savoy, between Mount Blanc and the Great St. Bernard; Vesalius in Pilgrim's Dress and Supported by His Pilgrim's Staff, Taking a Rest Up Among the Mountains.

Ves. Once more I am at liberty to breathe free among the lofty mountains. Here, I, the defamed, am in the sanctuary of nature; here heavenly quietude and holy stillness reigns, while within me roars a hell of anguish and despair. These sceneries overwhelm the soul with the irresistible power of

their majestic grandeur; these wonders of creation have evidently been shaped and built up by forces far-reaching and powerful beyond conception. The human mind tries in vain to conceive the unlimited and everlasting forces of nature that sway the universe. And still the church pretends to have the only right conception of the great unknown, of the unknowable, of the unconceivable, and they call it God. Theology styles itself the science of God, pretending to know what we do not know, and what we can never know—God, the conceit of the unconceivable and unknowable.

What Titanic forces must have come into play to pile up those gigantic pillars that pierce the clouds, and upon which the blue canopy of the heavens seems to have its bearings!

What a heavenly peace, what a blissful quietude rules this blessed spot! Here every breath we draw is a prayer in the temple of nature!

Oh, my dear friend Anselm, you are gone! Your life has been sacrificed to the great cause of redeeming mankind from spiritual thraldom. Anselm! Anselm! Oh, if you could only be with me, up in this sanctuary of nature! Here a white and immaculate ermin of snow encases the heads and shoulders of those mighty towering giants, but beneath this mantle of ice and snow is not death and decay, but slumbering life, with the unfailing hope of resurrection in spring, while down there, in cities as well as in villages, the black blood-stained pall of implicit and fanatical faith is spread over human minds to hold them in a stupor of dread and despair. Down there all intellectual life has been choked to

death and there is faint hope left of a budding spring time of wholesome thought and hearty ideas.

Here, surrounded by eternal snow and ice, I am left to myself; here, my tortured soul enjoys a transient rest it has craved for years!

You, my dear friend Anselm, have breathed your last by the virulent rancor of those who call themselves ministers of the Lord. And such crimes are perpetrated in the name of an all-just and all-good God!

Oh, my dear Anselm, if I could only embrace you once more! If I could only once more look into your eyes, lighted up with the fire of enthusiasm for the liberation of human minds from the dungeon in which they have been thrown by the all-mighty Church!

Well, dear Anselm, you are now at rest!

Without a home I am forced to wander, expecting at any moment to be identified and abused in the most cruel manner. My steps are directed to the grave of the lowly Nazarene, the great instigator and heralder of truth, who suffered persecution and death for that unpardonable sin!

If it were not that another agonized soul, poor Sylvia, might find rest and comfort at my heart, I should not hesitate for one moment to seek and find rest, entombed by one of the avalanches thundering down from yonder snow-capped heights.

Nothing but a grave, mountain deep, can entomb my woe, and nothing but a tomb-hill, mountain-high, can bury my agony. Indeed, only in such a grave could my soul find what it is longing for, rest, eternal rest.

A mind, rent with agony, and quivering from remembrance of its sufferings, does not crave resurrection. To my soul, everlasting sleep and oblivion is eternal bliss.

All the most precious ideals I have nurtured in my heart have been shattered with devilish cruelty; why not smash also the vessel, the contents of which have been destroyed!

But no! one ideal, one friend, remains for me—my dearest Sylvia. If I can find no rest, she shall be comforted pressed to my heart.

As soon as I return from Palestine, I shall meet her again. What a meeting it will be! On the isle of Zante she will be watching for the craft that is going to carry me back, and then we shall shake the dust of the old world from our feet and set sail for the New World, our refuge.

And you, my dear friend, Servetus! You were ostracized, too, hunted like a wild beast. Starting from Spain and passing through the southern part of France I directed my steps to Vienne to see once more the place where you had been living, watched by the bloodhounds of the Holy Inquisition. When you realized that your life was endangered, you made up your mind to flee to Naples. Strange to say, you made way via Geneva and Zurich. Why, my dear friend, did you direct your steps to Geneva, knowing that Calvin, your deadliest enemy, lived there!

(A huzza is heard and Vesalius listens; the noise of falling ice and snow causes him to look upward, and there a mountaineer, donned in a dark blue, woolen garb, and using his Alpine stick, is climbing down a dizzy mountain path.)

Ves. I wonder; there is another human being in this secluded wilderness!

(Meanwhile the mountaineer reaches the spot where *Vesalius* is standing.)

Mountaineer. Hello, stranger, what is your business here, high up among the Alps, and at this time of the year?

Ves. I am on my way to the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard Pass, and thence to Italy.

Mount. Stranger, surely you are mistaken. You are in a cul de sac; you are in the neighborhood of Goliaz, and the vast snow-banks and glaciers there, yonder, are part of Mount Blanc.

Ves. Would you mind showing me the way to the Hospice of St. Bernard? Take this for your trouble.

Mount. Then you will have to retrace your steps for about five hours' walk; taking the same path on which you came up. After having passed the Petit St. Bernard and Bourg Maurice, you ought to have turned to the right, into the Dora Baltea, which is the best way to Aosta in Italy.

But, how in the world do you dare to cross the St. Bernard Pass at this time; are you compelled to beat your way under marching orders? The shortest and quickest way would be, as I say, through the Dora Baltea to Aosta, the Great St. Bernard Pass being out of your way.

Ves. I must first call at the hospice, before descending into Italy.

Mount. Oh, I understand, you are on a pilgrimage and somewhat under marching orders. Recently many pilgrims to the Holy Land have taken their way over the St. Bernard, but not at this time of the

year. Father Pierre, our chaplain, told us that even the late body-physician of King Philip of Spain, of the name of Vesalius, is on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. That fellow is a rank heretic and an archfiend of religion. He was threatened with the ban of the Holy Father at Rome, and by the Holy Inquisition sentenced to death because he had dissected the body of a lady at the court of King Philip, although her heart was still beating.

I, myself, would never have pardoned such a scoundrel! Oh, I wish I would meet him! I should take him over there on the top of Mount Dolent, up, and higher up, to a spot where chamois and steinbocks hardly venture. There stands a precipice about six thousand feet high, and from there I should push him into the yawning abyss!

Would not such a deed please the Lord?

A heretic who has occupied such a high position ought to be pushed down as deep as possible, down into the bottomless pit of hell!

Yes. Have you ever seen a heretic?

Mount. Sure! I did not only see one, but (*he shouts with glee*) I assisted in cremating one at the stake! Our chaplain says a heretic is a monster that ought to be cremated under all circumstances; because such a monster has the brain of a devil, the blood of a dragon, and the heart of a hyena, but has no faith.

Well, stranger, I will do everything in my power to show you to the way to the hospice of St. Bernard. I will guide you over the Goliaz glacier, then you can not miss your way. Ten years ago at this very day I had the happiest day of my life, because I

assisted in cremating a heretic and got indulgence for a hundred days. To celebrate the tenth anniversary I invite you to go with me and be my guest, but the valley I am living in is rather narrow and the sun shines into it only in summer, and even then only for a few hours.

The strangers that pass through our village do not like to sleep under roof, but prefer to put up tents, surrounded by guards. They say that if they sleep under our roofs, they are robbed of their valuables, and they call us a gang of robbers and our mountains "les montaignes maudites."

Besides you can not use our Alpine stick as we do. With its aid we rush as fast as lightning over the sloping snowfields down into our valley.

As soon as I have shown you the way over the glacier you had better be careful, for when you reach the bridle path you are close to a spot where they take all the bells from the sumpter mules and allow no one to speak. One loud word, one single huzza, might bring down an avalanche and kill you without giving you time enough to offer your last prayer!

Say, stranger, let me ask you a question in confidence; have you much money about you? If so, I would like to advise you to say so, for if you should meet with an accident and be caught and buried by an avalanche, then we should know beforehand that it would pay to dig you out and provide a decent funeral for you. I assure you we should be pleased to dig up your worthy corpse, and if you can spare some money for a few bottles of Coquemey wine to drink while we are digging up your honorable body, we will not mind throwing half a dozen pater-nosters

into the bargain! I promise you to find out tomorrow whether or not you have met with disaster.

As soon as you reach the bridal path leading to the St. Bernard Hospice, and where you have to turn to the right, you are just in front of the morgue of the hospice. Please walk in for a few minutes and say a prayer; don't be scared, for this year there are laid out there about one hundred corpses, who look as if they were alive. The cold dry air protects them from decomposition and makes one realize that it is not altogether a bad place to become a corpse in this neighborhood.

Yes. You arrived here with a huzza? Did you not fear the precipitation of an avalanche?

Mount. No sir, because I had picked out this spot as comparatively safe for my hey-ho. It was hard on me to climb for twelve hours without a huzza, because I was overjoyed, remembering the cremation of a heretic, and having got indulgence for a hundred days, and I made the sixteen hours from Geneva hither in twelve hours. I felt like a bird.

Yes. What is the good deed that has yielded you such a bunch of indulgence?

Mount. I did my share in cremating a heretic. Our chaplain had told us that in spite of the risk of breaking our necks we ought to go down to Geneva to witness the cremation of a heretic. Besides the pleasure, it would yield us indulgence for a hundred days, and the comfort of not being compelled in the hereafter to knock at the door of heaven, as it would be thrown open as if by magic and we would be entitled to walk in, head erect, and without being asked any questions.

Yes. Do you know the name of the man who suffered death at the stake?

Mount. Sure! He was a physician from Vienne in France. His name was Servetus.

Yes. (*With deep emotion, to himself: And you, too, you dearest friend of mine, fall a victim!*)

Mount. It seems my tale interests you! But the mere thought of a flaming stake makes one feel uneasy even here among the snow and the glaciers. That arch-heretic had sold himself to the devil, and according to his agreement with Satan had written a book with his own life-blood, the devil guiding his hand. Its title was "The Restoration of the Christian Faith," which, of course, meant the restoration of the devil's kingdom. But the Lord did not suffer that fun should be made of him, and dropped a hint to the Holy Inquisition, and they found out that it was Servetus who had written that devilish book and secretly had it printed.

Now the devil gave Servetus warning that his life was endangered, and he made up his mind to flee, but here, too, the hand of the Lord was manifest, for Servetus went to Geneva, although he knew that Calvin, another heretic, but his deadly enemy, was living there. By this time the devil thought his opportunity had come to swallow up the soul of Servetus and he induced him to go to a church and indulge in a sermon spiced with all sorts of heretical deviltry; here he was identified and arrested. Thus the Lord managed that one heretic should betray another heretic and deposit his ashes at the stake. I hope to God that Calvin will be the next one to sit at the stake, and it falls to me to make it hot for him.

Yes. (*To himself.*) What a world, and what a set of men. (*Aloud.*) Did Servetus suffer greatly?

Mount. I should say so? We took pretty good care to mete out a full measure of what he deserved. I tell you he not only wrote a book, but he wrote a big one, saturated with the rankest heresy. And he was not satisfied with shaking the foundations of the Church, but as a physician he indulged in necromancy, and asserted, as our chaplain says, that the blood in the human body is circulating. Well, is'nt that the rankest medical heresy?

Yes. Did Servetus renounce?

Mount. To be sure he did not. On the contrary, his last words were that the new faith for which he was suffering he would take with him into eternity! In the middle of the month of August he was jailed, but not until this month did he get what he deserved.

Yes. Deserved for what; because he wrote a book?

Mount. Yes, and a big one, too. But he was not cremated for what he did, but for what he did not do; he did not believe, as a good Christian ought to do. All the time he was in jail, they argued with him, and he could have saved his life if he had renounced his heresy, but the devil had such a grip on him that he could not be saved, as you will never succeed in talking the devil into the Christian faith. He is too smart for that. And this is the reason that they had to resort to force. You can neither by heat nor by flames exorcise the devil; he is used to both from his abode in hell.

But he can not stand any smoke or any prayers, and the best way of exorcising is either to smoke

him out of the human body or to nauseate him out by prayers.

For that purpose we piled up a stake of fagots of oak wood, with all the green foliage still on, in order to have no flaming fire. In the midst of that stake was a wooden block, low enough to have Servetus sitting on it, touching the ground with his feet. Behind that block a heavy wooden stake was put up, to which the body of Servetus was fastened by an iron chain. Around his neck a heavy rope had been wound, not tight enough to prevent him from moving his head or from speaking. His head was adorned with a crown made of straw and sprinkled over with brimstone.

Yes. And you say Servetus had to suffer a great deal?

Mount. I should say so! As soon as the fire began to flame up, and the heat tortured him, he screamed so fearfully that the whole crowd of spectators was shocked. Oh, I tell you life is worth living if one has an opportunity to attend such an affair!

Yes. I hope his agony did not last long.

Mount. Thank the all-good Lord it did. He was in the greatest agony for at least half an hour. The wood being green and moist belched out such a lot of hot vapor and smoke that the devil within Servetus could not stand it any longer, and, taking an iron grip on Servetus' poor soul, sold to him years ago, he twisted the neck of his victim, and with loud grunting rushed out of his body down into hell!

Yes. Did you ever notice that any wild and blood-thirsty beasts ever tortured creatures of their kind?

Mount. No sir, but beasts have no religion, and therefore have neither backsliders nor heretics.

Yes. Then those beasts are well off! Say, I do not want to trouble you any longer. I think I can find my way alone.

Mount. I think you, too, had better direct your steps towards Geneva. At the stake it is at all events warmer than when buried under an avalanche.

Yes. I think for the present you ought to be satisfied with the first bunch of a hundred days' indulgence. And if I should find my grave under an avalanche, don't take the trouble to shovel me out, but let me rest in my snowy couch.

(*Exit Vesalius in the direction that had been pointed out to him.*)

Mount. (Looking in the same direction and holding up his fist threateningly.) You are also a fine specimen of a Christian! Well, I shall soon see you again; if not alive, then dead. Without a guide you won't be able to cross the Goliaz glacier; you won't have to walk very far before the earth will open and swallow you up! In one of the clefts of the Goliaz glacier your anatomy will surely rest.

(*A voice and the interjection, "Ouch," is heard. The mountaineer is startled: from behind a big boulder a pilgrim, who is out of breath, appears; pausing for a moment he glances over the snowy ground before him. Drawing back his cowl the features of the Dominican friar are visible. He mutters: "Huzza, I am still on the trail!" Again taking up the trail, he passes around the boulder and gets sight of the mountaineer.*)

Friar. (To himself.) This is not the game I am after!

Mount. Hello! there is another pilgrim who has missed his way!

Friar. Did you not meet a pilgrim, one taller than I?

Mount. He has just disappeared around the corner yonder!

Friar. It is big game! Why do you not follow his track! There is money in it! He is the former body-physician of King Philip of Spain! He is an arch-heretic!

Mount. I thought so; he looked suspicious and talked the same way. I pointed out to him the way to the St. Bernard Hospice, and told him about the threatening avalanches, but ere he gets to the spot he has to pass the clefts of the Goliaz glacier, and there is no need to push him into one of these clefts, because he will surely tumble into one without my assistance. Those clefts, covered with fresh, innocent-looking snowdrifts, are reliable traps, from which no game whatever can escape.

Friar. Well, thank God, at last he has been caught nicely!

“A heretic never slips our hooks;
We hound his heels, and in his wake
We follow, from town to town, from land to land,
On every hand our snares are spread”—

(*Turning to the mountaineer.*) Here, take this purse, filled with gold, sufficient to buy Coquempey wine to last a life-time; follow him, and at the right spot scream an avalanche down on his head.

Mount. And on my head, too; at present I have no desire to die; no sir, that won’t do for me!

Friar. How would it be to awake the echo at a safe distance? Let us join and scream with the voice of a lion: "Death and eternal perdition to the heretics!"

Mount. As regards avalanches, even the very spot where we are standing is not quite safe.

Friar. You are a coward! I will show you how to do it. (*He shouts with all his might and at the top of his lungs.*) "Death and eternal perdition to all heretics!" (*A faint noise is heard from high up in the air.*)

Mount. (*Raising his forefinger.*) Look out, there is something going on now! Oh, my Coquempey wine! (*A fearful roar is heard, the air becomes dark, and with a tremendous peal an avalanche thunders down, burying both of them.*)

SCENE VII.

Sylvia on a Cliff of the Seashore of the Isle of Zante.

Sylvia. (*Shading her eyes with her hand and looking out to sea in a set direction.*) No sail yet in sight! Day by day, from early morn till night, I am sitting here with anxious yearning, looking out for the craft which is to bring back my dear Vesalius from his pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Lo, yonder, a sail emerges at last—at last, I say! Everlastingly will I patiently wait if I am about to meet again my dearest Vesalius and embrace him!

Like the snow-white plumage of a swan the sail is set off against the sky. Yet close to it a dark cloud is hovering; can the sky never be without thunderclouds when I and Vesalius meet?

There is lightning, and a faint rumbling of thunder in the distance! Is that thunder begrudging the blissful happiness awaiting me?

Are we to be constantly in agony? But, future generations will be thankful for what we have suffered in order to free minds of their bondage and gain freedom of conscience.

The waters already are restless, and the white-capped waves and the storm birds seem to presage disaster.

Now thunder and lightning are becoming more frequent! Who speeds along those flashes of lightning, who starts those thunders, who darkens the skies, who lashes the waters?

It is the demons of hell; it is the fate of Vesalius and me to be continually fought by those fatal demons.

There the craft becomes visible! How she struggles as if life were at stake! What is that? There is the streamer, the signal agreed upon; it is my dear friend, Vesalius, who greets me! Here is my greeting! (*She waves a white veil.*) Look there! he has noticed my signal.

Oh, what a blissful time is drawing near for him and for me! With all the boundless might of my infinite love I will press him to my heart and never again part with him! Our happiness will be unlimited. (*Lightning and thunder grow more intense.*) What a fearful flash of lightning! What a

deafening thunder! With what gigantic force the waters rise up, and the depths are yawning. Heavens! where is the craft? It has disappeared. Has a thunderbolt destroyed it; or the yawning depths swallowed up all that I cherish? My senses become confused! (She faints.)

(Fishermen led by an old white-bearded man bring a stretcher covered with a gray mantle and place it down.)

The Old Man. Here she is, the poor soul; small wonder that she swooned! If she would but vanish forever! It is rather cruel to bring her to and make her realize her awful fate, for I know that the corpse that has been washed ashore is the body of Andreas Vesalius, whom I knew when he was the body-physician of the Emperor, Charles V, when I was working as a goldsmith at Brussels. He needs rest more than anybody else, and he shall have a fine resting place in the chapel of the Holy Virgin Mary, with the inscription:

Andreas Vesalius, Bruxellensis.

(He bends over *Sylvia* and administers some wine. She comes to.)

Sylvia. Where is my Vesalius? I must see and embrace him.

The Old Man. (Pointing out the stretcher.) There he is!

Sylvia. He is covered with his mantle; has he fainted, has he been hurt?

The Old Man. He is unconscious forever.

Sylvia. He is dead? My Vesalius dead? Oh, it cannot be! (She jumps to her feet and hurries to the stretcher and uncovers the body.) My dearest

Vesalius, you are not dead! I am here! your friend Sylvia!! Thou hast kissed me back unto life; now my kisses shall awaken you. You are not dead! (*She fervently kisses Vesalius.*) No-response! He-is-dead!

To experience such agony is thousandfold death! (*Turning to bystanders.*) My dear friends, provide a resting place for him, he needs everlasting peace, and I shall soon have it also. Vesalius, my dearest own, I do not forsake you; true unto death, I follow you into death!

(*While the fishermen, led by the old man, lift the stretcher and depart, Sylvia in extreme agony covers her face with her hands.*)

Lightless is the world, my sun has set forever! Vesalius is gone, and with him all the blissfulness of my heart! How cold and lonesome is the world!

What an awful fall from the lofty and sunny heights of happiness down into the dark and unfathomable abyss of utter despair! Hark, there is a voice that thrills my heart! It is thou, Vesalius, who calls me? Oh, my dearest friend, I am coming to be united with you everlastingly! We both need eternal peace and forgetfulness.

What a delightful thought, to cast off the burden of a life that has become unbearable! This, my life, was given to me without my consent, but I myself had to live it and bear it; it is my life, it is my suffering. No one has a right to bind me to a life of constant torture and utter despair.

A life that has become unendurable we have a right to cast aside, and not, like a dumb animal, wait until we break down under a burden we cannot bear.

There, yonder, in the western skies glows the heavenly orb about to set. As soon as that heavenly wonder sinks down into the ocean I shall also sink down into that vast realm of waters, down into its fathomless depths.

Indeed, it needs an ocean to engulf and drown my boundless grief. The same element that has given eternal peace to you, my dearest friend Vesalius, shall also end my untold suffering!

There, yonder, far distant in the western skies, lies the recently discovered New World!

Oh, dear friend Anselm, you were right when you told us that nowhere but there would the master mind of Vesalius find an abode for rest. A new world! How the mere thought of it comforts the soul and exalts the mind; a new realm, where Vesalius' lofty mind could have soared eagle-like to the sunny spheres to breathe the ether of liberty.

Now the sun is ready to settle into the vast realm of waters, and so am I ready to sink away into the bottomless depths of the sea! What a blissful thought, to sink down, deeper and deeper, until sweet oblivion of all the unspeakable woe we have suffered enshrouds our mind!

What a delightful boon to my tortured mind to plunge into an ocean of sweet oblivion! Indeed, an ocean of eternal oblivion is the greatest bliss I can conceive! I crave it! Let me embrace that sea of forgetfulness!

(The sun sets. Crying aloud, "Vesalius, my dearest own, I am coming," she throws herself from the cliff.)

THE END.

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